Old Dartmouth

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Historical Society

The Briny Deep. Any-time

Dear Reader.—

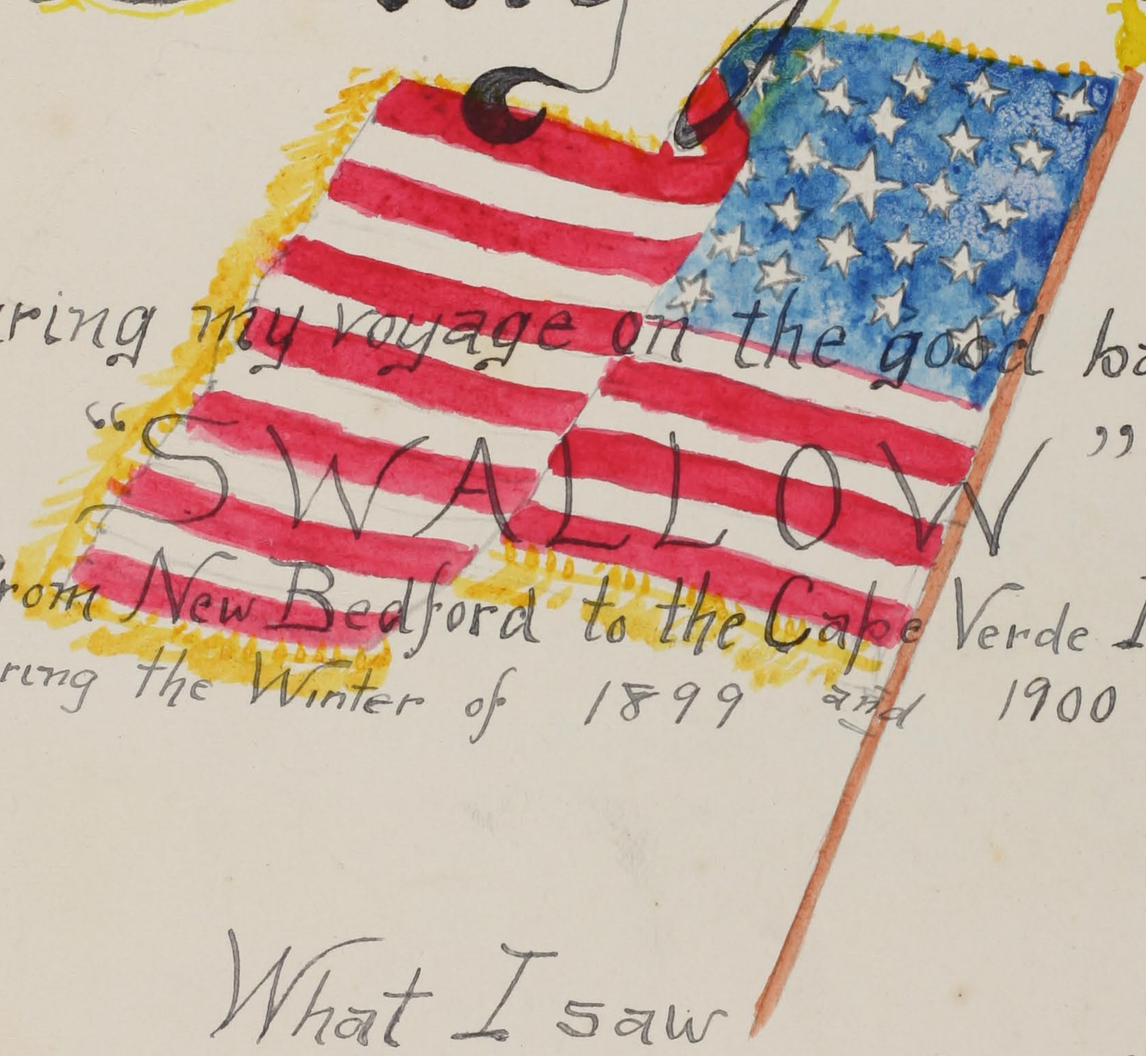
This book is loaned to you at your own regrest and for your own enjoyment (?) Please handle it with the greatest of care as it is very valuable and is out of print. Just remember that you are gazing on a book that could not be, replaced, exactly as it is for all the money and precious jewels existing or to be. A word to the wise.

Truly Yours

The Author.

ME

"Daily Lots"



during my voyage on the good bark

"SWALLOW"

Bound from New Bedford to the Cape Verde Islands and return.
During the Winter of 1899 and 1900

What I saw
"On Land and Sea".

"Here we are."

Super-cargo and Owner Nat. P. Sowle.
Captain Hendrick. W. Morse.
First Mate. J. Almeda Second Mate Paul Gomes
Steward Joseph Dndrade
Three Assistants

Crew Eight Dagos.

With

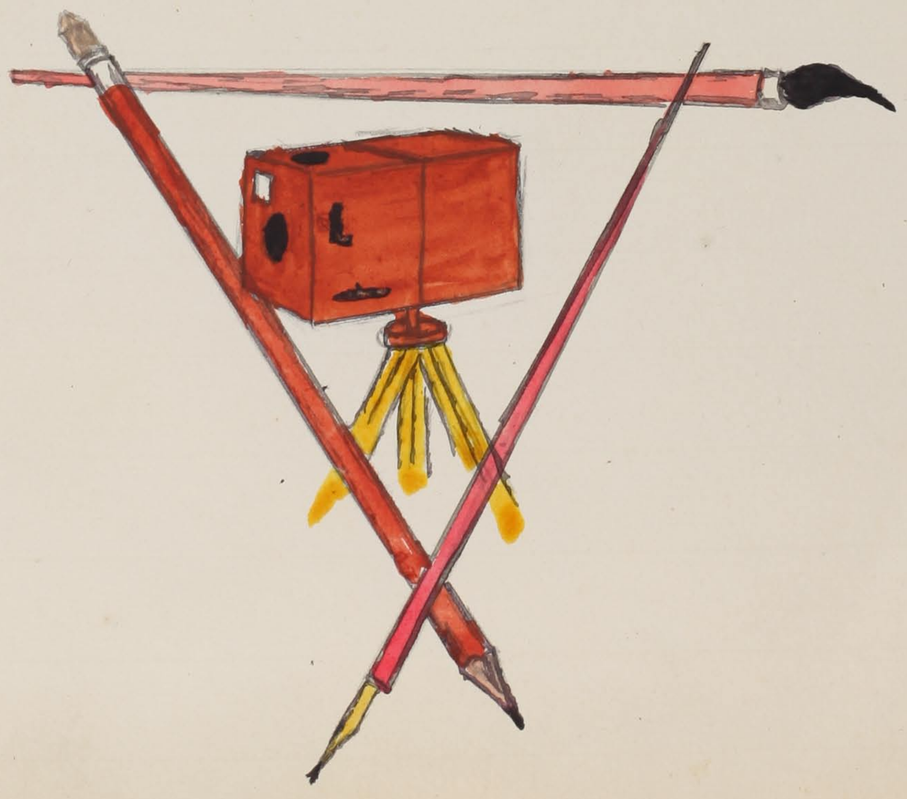
Forty Passengers including Captain Costa story-teller,
Ex-captain of the late and lamented bark
"George and Mary."
Burnt on Crow Island in New Bedford harbor during
New Bedford's Semi-Centennial Celebration 1897

Last but not least (?)

Man-of-ease, loafer, star-boarder, hanger-on, ~~or rubber-neck~~ etc etc.

Your humble servant

Nat. H. Sowle.
the Author



Notes.

Written Oct. 20. 1899.

A common question is - "Why is it, that you are going to take this voyage?"

There are many answers and I generally tried to give a new answer to the question every time it was asked. One explanation is the following.

In 1889 my father bought and fitted out the bark "Sea Fox," loaded her with lumber and made a voyage to the Cape Verde Islands, ~~and the neighboring coast of Africa.~~ When he returned, he brought with him sugar-cane, cocoanuts and stories of the fine palm-trees and the large, sweet fruit. I was then a youngster of eight ~~big~~ years and of course I imagined a regular paradise, and the more he told about what he saw, the more I wanted to go there.

In 1898 my father again decided, ~~to go~~ and accordingly fitted out the clipper schooner "Clara L. Sparks" She was small and everything was crowded, so ~~I decided to stay at home~~ I decide to remain by my own fireside

On October 14th 1899 the "Swallow" was purchased and my father consented to let me go The boat is very large, has fine private cabin and state-rooms and is just the ship to suite me. We expect to sail about November 1st with a general cargo of lumber, oil, tobacco and provisions for the Cape Verde Islands and possibly the neighboring coast of Africa.

N.H.S.

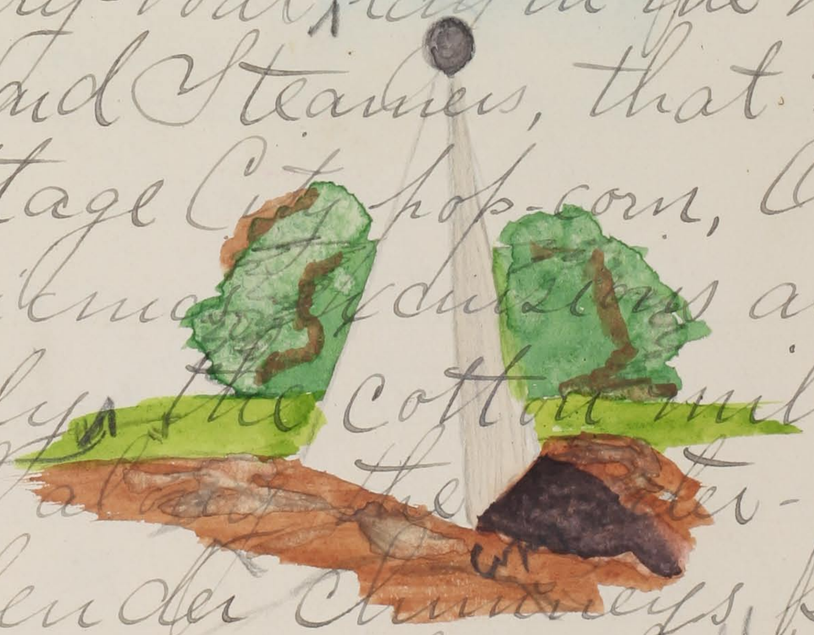
THE VOYAGE OF THE SWALLOW.

Sunday Nov. 5, 1899 Long 70.57 taken off Noman's Land, at noon.

We left Merils Wharf, New Bedford, Mass. U.S.A. about 1 in tow of tug "Nellie." We had on board a large party of friends including:-

Frederick A. Sowle	Bernard C. Fagan
Lincoln G. Sowle	J. Frank Kirk.
Frederick L. Sowle	Alfred G. Alley Jr.
Clifton L. Sowle	Ernest Alley
Herbert V. Sowle	Phillip Demoranville
Harry Sowle	John A. Taylor
Freddie Sowle	Fred Nye
M. Pope Wood	Willard B. Wood
George A. Neal	Allen Woodell
Capt. Jesse Sherman, Pilot	Wm. Nolan
Howard Judson.	and several others.

We were towed slowly down the harbor and I took a good look at all the familiar land marks, the ferry-boat "Fairhaven" lay in the New Bedford slips, the Vineyard Steamers, that made the think of "Cottage City" pop-corn, Onset spooks, clam-bakes, pikenic[illegible] and good times generally, the cotton mills and factories scattered all along the water-front, with their tall slender chimneys sticking up like so many needles, the old High School tower, the highest point in town I brought to my memory the faces of teachers and school mates of the years past. We passed Palmer's Island light, so prominent in the



The old whaling trail to the dock, slowly receded from view after making many futile

city's seal, old Fort Pheonix on the left where I had spent so many pleasant hours in Cadet Camp and Field Days, the Alms House and Fort Take (or Ft Richmond) on Clarks Point were left behind and slowly faded away to a slender line on the horizon. Coffee, cheese and hard tack were served to our friends and very soon the younger members of the party were paying tribute to Neptune. feeding the fishes. About twelve o'clock the tug-boat cast off her line and we bade farewell to our friends, the sea was too rough for the tow-boat to come alongside so our friends were taken to her in whale-boats. I sat near the stern rail on a tool-chest and watched the tow-boat slowly fade from sight until nothing could be seen but a little smoke on the horizon. The motion of the boat began to get in its work so I turned in.

Monday Nov. 6 Lat. 39.08 Long. 69.29 at noon.

"Don't feel very spruce to-day."

"Nuff sed"

Tuesday Nov. 7 Lat. 37.27 Long. 66.04

I feel a little better to-day. Have eaten two bunches of grapes, and a small piece of apple-pie just out of the oven, which tasted fine and what is more, it did not get angry and leave me. We are now in the Gulf Stream, the water is of a dark Prussian blue and big patches of gulf-weed drift by us. Captain Costa saw

a flying-fish but it got out of sight before I could get ~~a print~~ my pictures on it. ~~on that side~~. Captain Costa is jolly old whaling-captain who has ~~roamed~~ cruised about the sea for forty years or more and still he appears to be in the prime of life. He was captain of the Bark "George and Mary" which was burned on Cuvr Island during the celebration of New Bedford's Semi-Centennial. He is a great story teller and I lok forward to many a pleasant hour spent listening to his sea-yarns. He has taken passage with us for St. Vincent, where he will take Command of the whaler "Greyhound." of New Bedford.

Wednesday Nov. 8. Lat. 36.34 Long 64.44

Feel pretty good to-day. Ate my three square meals at the table. Early in the morning a broken mast was see floating by, about a quarter of a mile to the starboard ~~of us~~. About eleven o'clock a dolphins ~~was seen~~ put in appearence and playing around our bow. After being hooked and lost by Captain Morse, one ~~the~~ was speared by the first mate and hauled aboard. During the afternoon several more were seen but none were caught. We had fried dolphin for supper, which tasted good. In the water a dolphin looks, about the same color as the sky but

Artist

when he is high and dry, he shades from a bright red to an olive blue, with all the intervening shades. To-night the "Swallow Concert Orchestra," consisting of a violin and an accordian, is playing rag-time shamaretas on the forward deck and as I can't miss it, I stop right here.

Thursday Nov. 9 Lat. 36.50 Long. 63.25

a few Fine morning but along toward night the captain saw a squall coming from the west and for minutes, the crew did some very tall hustling. This squall did not ammount to much but another one came up, which hung on all night and once or twice during the night you could have walked on the ceiling. (?) (Figure of speech)

Friday. Nov. 10 Lat. 36.14 Long. 61.35

Fine weather with a light breeze. About ten o'clock one of the passengers caught a small dolphin and by using him for bait a big fellow was brought to the surface and was speared by the first mate. ~~He~~ This one was so large that everybody on board, about sixty-five persons had fried dolphin for dinner. About four o'clock a big steamer was sighted of the port bow. She was ~~just~~ "steaming" ~~a scooting~~ right along and in about a half an hour was out of sight. A fine moon-light night everything O. K.

Saturday Nov. 11 Lat. 35.25 Long. 60.

This morning as I lay back in an easy-chair with just a light sweater on and watched the the crew and the passengers lounging here and there on deck, in shut-sleeves and straw-hats trying to keep cool. I tried to imagine how the people at home looked about that time. I could see them going up and down Purchase Street with heavy winter coats on, keeping on the sunny side of the street and not any too warm at that. To-night the moon is beautiful and as I lay on

deck-house and looked up at the tall masts and sails towering up into the sky, it brought ~~to my mind pictures had seen of moon-light at sea only of course pretty were not anywhere near fine enough to compare with the genuine,~~ and I would have given anything to have been able to reproduce a picture that would make the beholder feel as I did at that moment, but then I could not have got in the best part of it. The low hum of voices all around, the soft music of the violin, guitar and the accordian from the passenger's

quarters, the creaking of the spars and blocks aloft, the ripple of the water and the slow, easy pitch and roll of a calm sea. It is magnificent and any one who has an idea that at sea, the waves are always like mountains, would find his ideas shattered if he could be with me to-night.

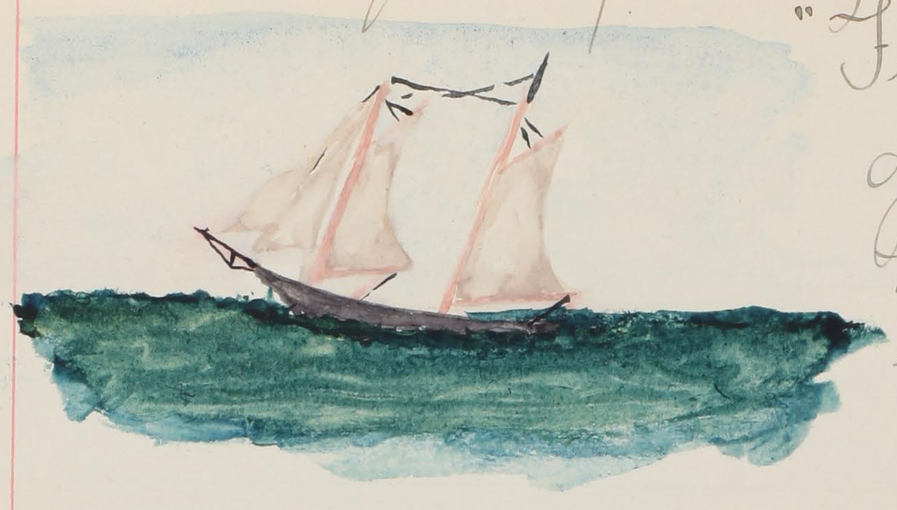
Sunday Nov. 12. 1899 Lat. 34.53 Long. 58.20

Just the day for a Sunday. The sea is smooth, very little roll and there is just enough breeze to keep the sails filled. About twelve o'clock a sail was seen to the north-west of us and was still in sight at sunset but had not appeared to gain on us since first sighted. She was made out to be a schooner and as the breeze was dieing she probably will gain on us during the night. It is the general opinion that she is the "Freeman" Captain Senna found from New Bedford to Braza. She expected to sail Monday the 6th. Another moon-light night to-night. Just one week ago to-day we sailed from home and we are still sailing. The ocean is quite a pond. We have made about 900 miles.

Monday Nov. 13. Lat. 34.43 Long. 56.13

Light weather. About one o'clock a schooner was made out on western horizon. She could

be seen quite plainly at 2.30 and proved to be the "Iranian" About three o'clock a good breeze sprung up and at nightfall she was slowly fading away directly astern of us. It is very squally to-night and the wind is kicking up a big sea. I have a very flat, low bottle for an ink-well and for fear of it sliding off of the desk, I sat it on the floor. Whenever I want to dip my pen, I lay in wait and grab it as it slides by. I have a bunch of bananas hanging up overhead and just now as the vessel gave a lurch, one was shaken off and dropped on my head. It made me think that I was already sitting under the banana trees in Africa.



Tuesday Nov. 14 Lat. 33.40 Long. 53.04.

The wind and the sea are with us to-day. The old craft balances on the crest of a roller and then shoots down like a "double-runner" on Madison Street hill. It reminds me of "Chuteing the Chutes" at Cresent Beach. I saw, floating on the water, what looked to me like, a white shell with a sail. Captain Costa told me it was a "Portuguese-man-o'-war," a shell fish some-

thing like a nautilaus. It has a large sail about eight inches in diameter. It has, hanging from the bottom of its shell, numerous little feelers about two feet long that look like faded blades of sea-grass. With these feelers he steadys himself in the water just as the keel steadys a ship. He also uses these feelers as a defence. He stings worse than any wasp or bee and often he gets tangled up on the line when a whale is struck and when the sailors haul in the line and get these feelers on their hands, they swell up to twice their natural size and pain very much for several days. Often small fish when pursued by a dolphin, or other large fish, take refuge among the feelers and Mr. Dolphin keeps his distance. The old man is getting young and spry again. I saw him going through gymnastics on the mizzen-mast riggings. This noon several porpoises passed us, going in the opposite direction. I could see them playing along the surface for a half a mile. We filed up 210 miles during the last twenty-four hours

Wednesday Nov. 15 Lat. 31.49 Long. 49.37

I saw a school of flying-fish at noon,

at first I thought they were little green buds. They are little slender fellows, mostly wings. They make one think of little green imps that are so often seen in advertizements. I've got one of those beautiful, soothing, delightful little tooth-aches, that makes me think, the top of my head is coming off, every time it throbs. We've finished our first half to-day, about 150 miles and are within a few miles of the central point between Brava and New Bedford, althought the sign-post is not yet in sight. We hope to make land about the 28th.

Thursday Nov. 16 Lat. 31.05 Long 46.42

We are hustling right along at the rate of about one mile an hour. There is not enough wind to keep the sails full. Full moon to-night and sky is almost cloudless. It seems shameful to turn in and leave it.

12. P.M Special The old man is still pacing the quarter-deck contentedly puffing away at his corn-cob.

Friday Nov. 17 Lat. 30.48 Long 45.12

This morning the sea looked like a mill-pond. Not a bit of wind and barely enough roll to rock the boat. Jock is at the wheel and he confidentially explained to me. "No 'nuff win' t' sted 'by" Which was very true. It made me think of a passage I saw in the "Captain of the 'Rojah'." "It seemed a painted ship, upon a painted sea." The sun is as hot as I ever saw it in July and the sky is doubtless but for a few puffs on the horizon. A spanking breze sprung up during the afternoon and we are now skipping along under full sail. The clouds are scudding across the moon and the patches of light and shadow on the sea, and the black shadow thrown over the deck by the sails gives the atmosphere a pleasing appearance. The orchestra has just begun it serenade so I guess I will go out and enjoy myself. Ta-ta.

Saturday Nov. 18 Lat. 30.32 Long 42.12

Quite rugged to-day. We sighted a big bark

dead ahead of us about noon. At sunset she was about ten miles ahead of us. She was loaded with lumber and probably bound for Brasil. I went on deck about ten o'clock to-night and things did certainly look gloomy. Nearly all of the sails were furled and the wind blowing a gale, no moon in sight and the night was so dark it was just like walking around with eyes closed. The old craft was rocking like a see-saw and the crew were huddled up under the deck-house try to keep out of the rain and spray that cut like a knife. It was too rich for my blood so I retreated to the regions down below.

Sunday Nov. 19. '99 Lat. 30.36 Long. 40.25°

We sighted the bark again at day-break about five miles east of us and, as she was under shortened sail and we had every rag out we left her. At 10.30 A. M. she was left far behind, out of sight beyond the northern horizon. The waves were larger to-day than at anytime before. They shot up about sixty feet.

Monday Nov. 20 Lat. 30.32 Long. 37.36.

The weather is fine. The wind came in light puffs all day. The seas are still large but are diminishing, there being no

wind to keep them up. The mate saw a waterspout from the mast-head. It was about fifteen miles west of us and as it did not come any nearer it could not be seen from the deck. We have been watching a storm to-day. It has travelled all the way around us but as yet it has not troubled us. The ship's handy-man N. P. S. was put to work on a fancy wine-glass rack to-day, for fear that he was not earning his salt-junk Mr. Moon is out in all his glory to-night and we hung around on deck telling "whoppers" until nearly midnight.

Tuesday Nov. 21 Lat. 29.36 Long 36.22

To day began for a calm but about eleven o'clock a little breeze sprung up which lasted about five minutes and then died down a left us helpless. Since then there has not been a breath of wind and to-night the sea is as calm as a puddle. About eight o'clock the mate saw lights astern which proved to be a steamer following about the same course as ourselves. She was a pretty sight especially to one so far from land. Of course, all that could be seen were the lights and there were about fifety of them

There were the mast-head lights, the red and green side-lights, and two tiers of lights that looked like two strings of Chinese lantens She was probably a passenger steamer from England to the West Indies.

Wednesday Nov. 22 Lat. 28.42 Long 36.47.

The day started with a calm but durnig the afternoon a breeze sprung up from dead ahead and we are now sailing the direction of Cuba. We are all at sea (in all manner of speaking) as to whether to-morrow or a week from to-morrow is Thanksgiving. Of course, as there are no turkeys raised in this country and it is impossible to have our Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow, we all agree that it is a week from to-morrow, as we them hope to be in Ft. Vincent C.V.I.

Thursday Nov. 23 Lat 27.44 Long. 36.36

Calm again to-day. As I sat in one of the whale-boats, that are hung on the sides, I watched with much enjoyment, the antics of the several groups of passengers. One man I could not help but watch, he bore the poetic name of John da Rosa (John the Rose) and his name fits him like "store-clothes" do a farmer. He is certainly the ower of the

homliest visage I ever saw, in reality or in print. Every one knows how the Portuguese talk with their hands. Instead of making gestures with his hands, John, makes them with his face and to watch him as he talks, one would think, his face hurt him." John has crossed the ocean many times, he was a passenger on my father's vessel, "The Sea Fox", when she sailed ten years ago.

Friday Nov. 24 Cloudy No Observation

Calm again to-day. At this rate we will reach our destination about April Fools Day or Fourth of July. There was a very light breeze this afternoon accompanied by rain-squalls with increasing wind to-night. We hope for a good breeze

Saturday Nov. 25 Lat. 28.8 Long. 34.27

We were in the centre of a bad thunder-storm last night. The lightening was dropping down all around us like fiery rain and every time it thundered the old hack shook from stem to stern. Exceedingly rough to-day. We have the unpleasant combination of fair wind and head sea which makes our progress very slow. The old craft jumps up and down like a jumping-

jack, it gives one a delightful feeling. I laid down the sofa and just I was all up in a heap at the head and then at the foot. A big roller comes along, she gives a headlong pitch and I picked myself up in the middle of the cabin. I thought perhaps a rocking-chair would be easier to handle. Just as I was about to set down the boat gave a lurch and I pitched headlong into a corner with the chair on top of me. I got mad, kicked the chair acrossed the room. I braced myself up in a corner, dug my heels down into the carpet and resolved to stay there or die in the attempt. Just then the steamer began to feel uncomfortable and I turned in. Such is life on the deep blue sea. We have covered about a hundred miles in the last three days — a wonderful record. (?)

Sunday Nov. 26. '99 Lat. 27.35 Long 33.22

Another week has fled and still we are mid-ocean. Thek weeks ago I left my happy home to sail the foring deep — "What fools these mortals are." We are still about 800 miles from land with the wind against us. Two thirds of the time.

Monday Nov. 27 Lat. 27.24 Long 30,07

Very little wind and what little there is, blows over our bow. We have been heading anywhere from west to northeast all day. A fine sunset to-night. The west was shaded from a deep fiery red to a beautiful golden color. Midway between between the eastern horizon and the zenith was a little that looked like a stray splash of pink paint. After sunset and continuing all night, flashes of heat lightning could be seen low down in the west. We lounged around to-night on the lumber pile, listening to Captain Costa's stories of travels around Arabia, Zanzibar and the islands off the east coast of Africa. I dare not attempt to repeat any of them, for if I got started I could fill this book. You cannot imagine how interesting it ~~was~~ is to lay back in the gathering darkness ~~with~~ the west all aglow with golden and red, and listen to the stories of personal experiences and travels of a real old whaler, told in his own words, accompanied by his own peculiar gestures and inflections. It is simply "bang-up" and almost like

being there one's self.

Tuesday Nov. 28 Lat. 26.52 Long 29.40

We are having a little fair wind to-day and we are going along a little faster than we have been, for quite a while. We have our regular fine sunsets followed by heat lightening every evening. We have unconciously fallen into a regular program with is something like the following, with very little variation.

7.00 A.M. Turn out
8.00 " " Breakfast
Followed by a four hour recess in which we - loaf around - read - tell whoppers - etc
12.00 " " Dinner
Followed by a four hour recess passed in 'gab' or playing dominos etc.
5.00 P.M. Supper.
to 7.00 " " Capt Costa's yarns — watching sunset.
7.00 to 9.00 P.M Card Playing (Hearts)
9.00 P.M Our Night Lunch From our stock of canned goods.
to 10.30 " " Exercise on deck
Afterward - Write my "Log" - Read
TURN IN

Wednesday Nov. 29 Lat. 25.27 Long 27.58

During the morning a gale blew from the north-west. At times it looked pretty skittish, but soon abated. To-night the wind is dead ahead and Capt. Costa prophesies bad weather until after the new moon, which is Saturday. We are now less than 500 miles away from land and we hope to make our port before Tuesday.

Thursday Nov. 30 Lat. 25.27 Long 27.13

More bad weather to-day. To-night I watched for two hours one of the queerest freaks of nature that I, or any one else on board, ever saw. Hanging low in the southern horizon were several clouds. Each clouds gave forth flashes of lightning at the rate of three or four per second making the south and east as light as day. The horizon from south-west to east was illuminated as if by a gigantic fire. This has been going on ever since sunset

Friday Dec. 1. Lat 24.29 Long. 26.41

The lightening continued without break, all through the night and did not disappear until sun rise There was very little wind to-day

and what little there was, came from the south. The sunset to-night was grand. We are now in the track of the famous North-east Trade Winds which - we said to blow without break from the north and east but — the wind is still coming from dead ahead. Old December began to-day with the thermometer above summer heat (How'd you like to be the ice-man?) I wonder how near summer-heat it is at New Bedford.

Saturday Dec. 2 Lat. 23.37 Long. 25.44

We sighted a bark this morning, ahead of us She was going toward the west and we did not get within eight miles of her. She was probably an Italian or Spanish craft bound for the West Indies. We are slowly drawing near to the end of our journey, we were about 375 miles from land this noon. It is very hot to-night and everybody is on deck in their shirt-sleeves. I guess I will join the merry throng.

Sunday Dec. 3 '99 Lat. 22.34 Long. 24.15

Hotter than ——. How I wish I had a gallon or so, of Bates and Kirby's - frozen pudding right here. I wager, and give odds, that very little of it would be wasted. The wind is still dead ahead and we are

tacking back and forth, barely gaining a mile. We are now in the tracks of vessels from England to the West Indies and are on the lookout for sails. We are wondering how the war in Transvaal is coming out and how the municipal election is coming out at home. It is so hot to-night that it is impossible to remain in the cabin.

Monday Dec. 4 Lat. 21.56 Long. 23.55

We sighted a vessel this morning running along parallel with us. She came within a few miles of us and to our great surprise found her to be the "Freeman" which we thought had arrived at Brava a week ago. During the morning the wind began to die out and at noon there was a dead calm. The calm continued all the afternoon and when we went down to supper there was not a breath of wind. But — when we came up from supper — alas, you cannot guess what we found — ye gods — the wind was in our favor and increasing every minute. It is hard to believe — but — yes, we have at last got a fair wind. During the afternoon a fish call

"leather-jackets" made its appearance around the vessel. One champion fisherman N.P.S. hooked two, which we had for supper. The "Freeman" was very near fus at Chusk.

Tuesday Dec. 5 Lat. Long.

Fair winds to-day, increasing to-night. The Swallow is just flying along in the direction of port at the rate of ten knots. It does a fellow good, after tanging back and forth in calms and head winds, to see the foam fly out on either side as the craft flows along like an ocean greyhound. We have seen hundreds of flying-fish during the morning. At noon we are but 198 miles from land which we hope to see some time to-morrow morning. The passengers are very busy to-day unpacking their shore clothes. This morning the ship looked like a floating clothing-store, the deck was about covered with clothes.

Wednesday Dec. 6.

When I went on deck this morning every one was stretching his neck as long as possible, trying to be the first one to see land. About eight o'clock the mate discovered land off the port bow and just as soon as the cry of "Land a-ho-o-o!" rang through the ship

the passengers began jumping up and down, dancing jigs and shouting like lunatics When they got quieted down again, they all sang or really chanted some kind of a song, that sounded to me like a funeral hymn, but I was told is was a song of thanksgiving which they always sing on sighting their native land. The land we sighted is the island of San Antone, whose principal port is Saint Vincent. We intended to stop at Saint Vincent to mail letter and pelt a cablegram, but the wind is dead ahead from that quarter and it is a three or four days job to beat back and forth so we are now headed for the island of Braza where the majority of passengers are found. The island of Saint Antone like all other islands of the Cape Verde group is a barren, rocky, mountainous island with deep chasms and high cliffs rising almost straight up into the air. We hope to sight Braba tomorrow morning and to be at anchor before sunset. During the afternoon I saw a sight which very few people have seen. The water for miles around was swarmed with porpoises all headed in one direction. They were huge

ugly looking brutes measuring anywhere
from two and a half feet to six or seven
feet long. They swim along very close to
the surface and at interials leap up in-
to the air or shoot from the side of one
wave into the next. During the afternoon
a large steamer crossed our stern probably
bound from South America or the West
Indies to Saint Vincent, to-night another
went by, ahead of us, from Africa probably
to Saint Vincent.

Thursday Dec. 7 Fourna Harbor Isle of Brava.

At last we are at anchor, after thirty-two
days on the briny-deep and thirty-one out
of sight of land. At one o'clock we sighted
the island of Fogo, which is an active vol
cano, 9000 feet high. Not many years ago it
had an eruption, killing many people
and animals and threw lava on the
island of Brava a distance of twelve or
fifteen miles away, doing considerable
damage. About two o'clock we sighted
the Roblo Islands and in a few minutes
the island of Brava loomed up out of
the fog which hung around it. We went
ashore and I landed for the first time in
foreign lands. Captain Morse and my father
being well acquainted with the merchants

we made several calls and I noticed that every store we went into, (we went into all of them, five in all) had for its leading goods, for sale, a big stock of liquors displayed in the most prominent cases. I will have to be excused from lengthy descriptions to-night as I think, after my little walk on shore and the absence of the rolling motion of the sea, I can put in a good night's sleep. The captain has just announced that after this we are to live as the people do in these lands:- Coffee at six, breakfast at nine and dinner at four, (When in Rome etc. etc.).

Friday Dec. 8. Tourno. Brava

It is one of the numerous holidays, to-day, and all the people are back in the villages, among the mountains, celebrating. There is very few people to be seen. We went ashore after breakfast to day and took a stroll for about a half a mile up the mountain road that leads to principal village of the island. Just as soon as I can find the spelling of the name of this town I tell you.

Saturday Dec. 9.

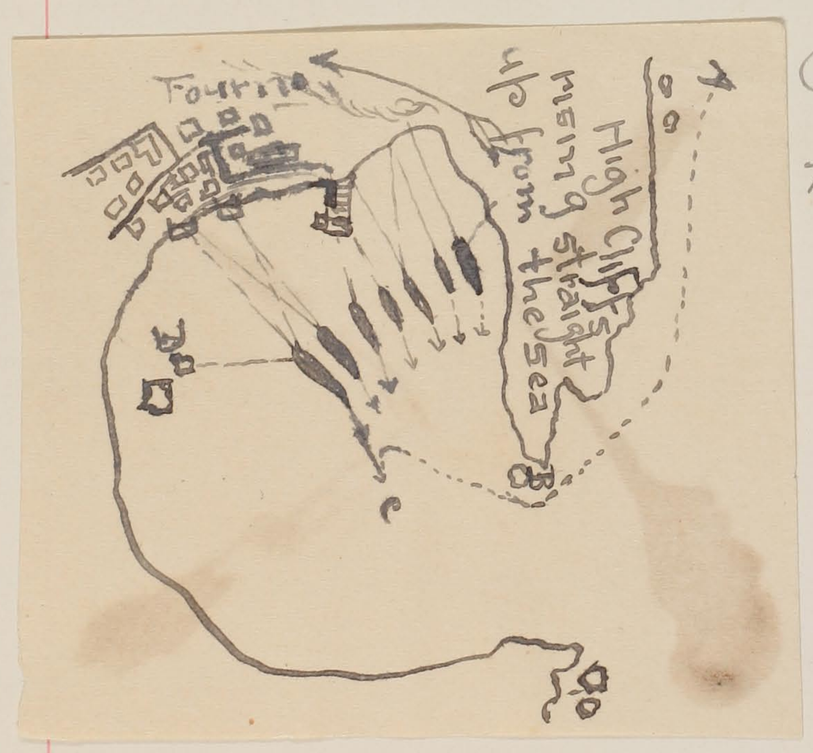
The Custom House officials in this town work very slow and as four vessels

have arrived here with passengers since Thursday morning, (Sulmina - Freeman - John Smith & Swallow all from New Bedford), there is an immense lot of baggage to be overhauled and searched therefor:- as the Custom House was closed yesterday and passengers want their baggage; they will be after it naturally.

I sat at the stem from early morning watching them come down, with their caravads of women and donkeys, from way up in the mountains. I could see them as they rounded curve after curve of the serpent like road, all coming down as a run, the men riding "jacks" and the women trotting alongside and behind.

Description of Fourno, the port of Brava.

Part. I. Entering the port.



route "A", hugging

The port of Fourno is nothing but a small pocket in the cliffs. To one who is entering the harbor for the first time it is utterly impossible to see the entrance of the harbor at about 200 yards The vessel follows along close to the shore and

passing within a few feet of rock "B" Drift along to point "C", where the anchor is dropped and the vessel swings around to its position at the end of the line. Lines are run ashore and are placed so as to keep the vessel from swinging around and going against the others. Before the anchor touches the bottom of the harbor, the vessel is surrounded by the shore-boats and it is a continual "jabber-jaber" until all are taken ashore that want to go.

Part. II The port of Fourno.

The majority of the inhabitants live in the interior of the ~~mountains~~ island among the mountains. They are reached by paved roads, twisting and turning along the mountain sides along the edge of precipices and over chasms. These roads were built by the peasants, who recieved for their labor, forty reis (4 cents) per day from the Portuguese government. The port of the island is Fourno, a half ruined picturesque little town made up of about twenty ~~few~~ buildings more or less ~~ruins~~ in a state of decay (mostly "ruins") It is build almost directly under the top of an overhanging precipice that rises like a

wall at the back of the village. The village is crowded into a low flat stretch on the beach about seventy-five yards wide and four hundred yards long. The buildings are all made of stone and the majority have either tile or slate roofs. The dwelling houses of the common people consist of four walls, made of stones, about ten to twelve inches square, plastered inside, with holes left for windows and doors, and the roof, which shaped like a very low pyramid. The houses are mostly one room affairs, but where there is more than one room the walls are not built up to the roof but a space about two feet is left at the top. The partitions are built of the same material as the walls, but are cemented and white-washed

The store-keepers are the richest men on the island, they generally occupy two-story buildings, having the store down-stairs and living up-stairs. The houses are built close together, the wall of one, sometimes serving as the wall to the next one. Denim or "dungaree" is the cloth mostly used for clothing for those who can afford it.

those who cannot make their clothes of old rags, flour bags, gunny-sacks or just anything that comes under the name of cloth. The men do very little work, most of it is done by the women. All of the lumber, and baggage is caried up piece by piece on the heads of women. It is common sight to see a great big strong looking man, dressed up in his best with white collars and cuffs. umbella over his hedd, astride a little jackass, puffing away at a cigarette and see his wife toiling along after him with a big peg-chest or a trunk, or a heavy piece of furniture on a plank on her head. Aboft all the business is done at the custom house and generally, while she is waiting for her load, she will squat down and pull a pipe and a pouch of tobacco out of her pocket, fill up her pipe and puff away, her spare moments with all look of contentment on her face. The jackass is used as a means of transportation but does not carry as much as the women, they are generally loaded with bags of produce or small kegs of water shapped on each side of the back.

The wealthiest people live in houses that are made of large square, smooth-faced stones that are strongly cemented; the interior and exterior walls being build of the same material. They have floors of mgatch-boards but no carpets. The only paint that is used is white-wash and ceilings, walls and out-side of the house are covered with many coats of it. It is a sign of high standing to wear shoes, and everybody tries to get some kind of foot-wear although the majority go barefooted. The government is very hard with these people and fix its high taxes and high duty on cloth, footwear, flour and many other necessity it keeps them down almost to beggary. As a rule they are contented with their lot and always follow the motto of "Pleasure before business." No one was ever known to go into bankruptcy, go crazy or to commit suicide over business depressions or want of money. They are lazy and happy as a rule. You will see a man come down from the mountains on a jackass, all dressed up and carrying an umbrella whistling away as if he owned a gold mine, yet perhaps he hasn't got a dollar to his name such is life in the tropics. They take life easy while it lasts and die happy while an American

hustles all his life for that almighty dollar and dies with worry as to how his dependents will live after he is dead. Yet they tell us that a man has got to hustle all his life to get anywhere in the world.

To-morow my father and myself are going to take a trip up into the mountains of Jackasses.

Sunday Dec. 10. 1899 Jaunt No. 1. In the Mountains of Brava.

We left Fourno on donkeys, about seven o'clock with a donkey boy trotting along behind. Following a rough donkey-path along the western side of the harbor, we passed through the ruins of an old fort, built during the period, when Spain governed Portugal. At that time pirates landed on the different island and stold everything in reach, and what they could not steal they destroyed. This fort was built to protect the port and the vessels in the harbor. Many times after the visits of these pirates, people died of starvation before food could be sent from the mainland or the other islands. This fort is built on a cliff, commanding the mouth of the

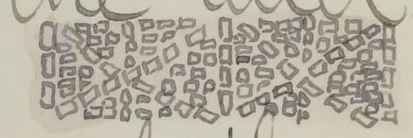
harbor. The walls are built of small stones and are not much thicker than a stone wall. In one corner are the ruins of the magazine, and on the side farthest from the sea, the remains of the fanacks. The clumsy old fashion canon are laying around half buried in the soil, one is mounted on the decayed remains of its carriage. The wheels were made of plank, fastnailed together in a solid square and then roughly shaped into something like a circle so as to be able to pull the gun inside of the fort when loading.

Resuming our journey, we followed the winding path up and down the sides of the mountains, zig-zagging back and forth - now up, now down - under great overhanging boulders, on the very edge of precipices, on the knife-like edges of high ridges and down in deep ravines, with straight walls rising up on each side. Now and then stopping to look down from some dizzy height on the decks of the vessels and the roofs of the houses, almost directly below us or to gaze up at the houses on the summits far above us and to watch caravans of heavily laden donkeys and women toiling up the steep and mud-

ing roads, now disapearing arand
a fine turn and now apearing again
far above. We passed great patches of cen-
tury plants and great peces of lava
ranging from a small shock to a
boulder of tons in weight. Which I am
told were thuane from the volcano on the
island of Fogo, a distance of about
twenty miles or more. Suddenly coming
up out of a ravine and over the top of a
high ridge, we saw spread out before
us a great garden. Low down on the
side of the next mountain, planted
on steps built along the steep slopes,
were great expanses of rustling sugar-
cane that rustled in the wind like a
waterfall. Near and then were scattered
immense cocoanut tree and other tropical
palms, low shrubs laden with strange
fruit and flowers and immense trees,
not unlike the banyan tree, covered with
large red flowers similar to the magnolia
in shape. Here and there the tena cota
tile roof of some stone hut peeped out
from the foliage.

This district is called Vinhgragay,
(there are fifty ways that it is spelled) the home of
the famous mineral water. The Spring

is in the very heart of a mountain and flows out through a tunnel into a building, that at first, looked to me like a stone-chapel. Within are two large tanks of stone, from these is flows, in two streams, one through troughs where the people fill their casks and bottles and the other through an annex where there are bath-tubs hewn from solid rock. Barefooted women and children tramps over the rough, stony, roads from all over the island with great casks and demi-johns on their heads, to get this water, which is the only drinking water on the island. Just imagine a little girl, about ten years old, coming barefooted, over from ten to fifteen miles of mountain roads, with a great jug of a stone-encased demi-john on her head filling it at the tank and tramping back again without having a thing to eat, with a future before her, of doing this once or twice a week year after year, until she grows too old and feeble or leaves the island. At the spring we met a gentleman by appointment and were shown through the tunnel that leads from the spring to the tanks. We groped our way along into the very heart of the mountain. At the

spring is a sort of Chimney which leads from the roof of the tunnel to the surface of the mountain. We drank some of the water, which tasted like the Carbonated waters sold at home. After making our way into the open air we resumed our journey in company with several horsemen (?)[they rode donkeys] along the main highway which is paved with block pavings with the oblong side up. These highways are built during the years when the crops are poor. Each paving is made from a separate piece of rock by a man or a woman with a small hammer. They are laid with little spaces between thus:-  Thus year there was plenty of rain and the crops were never any better than now. We passed great fields of Corn and beans, and through numerous small villages that are built up where ever there are fertile spots At last after about an hour's ride we entered the village of Poparon, the principal town or capital of the island. The town is built along one street, the houses are mostly plastered and white-washed on the outside and every thing look clean and neat. At the back of the house are great gardens of vegetables, tobacco and hemps. Here we met Capt.

Morse and after calling on the American
consul, we went to the house of, Eugene Tavares,
the poet, for breakfast. Senor Tavares is a
great admirer of Mark Twain and, not be
able, to read English, has an immense and
expensive volume of his works translated in
French. He also showed me a Portuguese trans-
lation of the Pilot ("O Piloto") by Cooper and the
works of Longfellow, Sir Walter Scott and
Whittier in the same language. He explained
to me, that manner of translating and said
that in doing it the feeling and fine points
were entirely lost. He is looked up to by the
people of the island as a sort of mixture of
Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln, and
while we were riding with him from the
springs, every person we passed, stopped
and saluted him as if he were king. He has one
of the finest houses on the island, every part,
inside and out, is painted white and in
place of windows, there are great glass
doors about five feet wide and reaching
from door to ceiling. There is not even a
rug on the clean, polished floor. The
walls are hung with fine lithographs,
in the parlor were scenes from India and
in the dining-room, pictures of our own
"wooly wild-west"; the lassoing of wild

horses and buffalos and skurmishes with the Indians. Senor Tavares is a great admirer of Buffalo Bill and Daniel Boon and has tried to get copies of their lives in Spanish, Portugeese or French but finds it almost impossible, all he could get were small pamphlets of anecdotes etc. The dinning-room of the house was a sort of pavellion built between the front house and the kitchen. At breakfast the food was served in native style and put the best of American dinners in the shade. The food is brought on and ~~eatch~~ served one dish at a time, when everyone is through with one dish the next one is brought on. They have a sort of sour table wine that is served between each dish. This wine is made from green grapes and is non-alcoholic. It is used only during meals which come twice a day, breakfast at nine, dinner at four, each meal taking about two hours. In America, we eat because we know the laws of nature compell us to, but in these Countries the people eat because they enjoy it and business or trouble is never mixed in with the meal. After breakfast I was shown the kitchen, a very primitive affair. The majority of the cooking is done in an open fire-place. The base of this fire-

place is about three feet from the floor, being built in the solid masonry of the wall. Food that cannot be cooked in this, is cooked in a small affair that resembles a plumbers torch. It consists of two pans, square like head pans, one over the other. In the bottom one the fire is made, in the upper one the food is placed, to cook. At the back of the house were orange trees and other tropical fruits, and stretching back for several acres, were patches of the tobacco plant, field corn, potatoes and beans. Several pet monkeys were fastened to the trees. The corn raised here is what we call, field-corn, and when it is picked is piled up in solid piles in the shape of a circle and is piled up about four feet.

After breakfast we again mounted our "jacks" and passed on through immense gardens and numerous villages to the district called Canjo, the richest part of the island. We spent the afternoon strolling among the orange trees and immense stretches of garden land. After dinner at the house of Captain Moses sister we started back in the moon-light for the coast. The moon through its light into the valleys and on the hill-sides, and the shadows of the mountains cast into the

deep, straight sided cañons made them have a very ugly appearance. Here we are three thousand miles from hope yet on our way down the mountain, for a few minutes it seemed we were at home again. As we rounded a turn in the road, there was wafted up from the stretch of road beneath us, the strains of "After the Ball" and when we caught up to the singers, they were singing in as good English, as you or I would want to hear, the melody "There'll Come a time." As we passed by a lone shanty on the mountain side a little black fellow was playing "My Coal Black Lady." with lost chords! We arrived on board the "Swallow" about nine o'clock after putting what I call a good day's work, having seen more strange and novel sights in these few ours than I have seen before in years.

Monday Dec. 11

I hung around the boat most of the day and went "a'shore" for a stroll after dinner. Captain Costa returned from the mountains to-day and to-night, after coffee, we had our regular game of hearts. To-morrow will be our busy day as we begin to discharge the

baggage and cargo

Tuesday Dec. 12.

We dischanged most of our passenger baggage to-day, after laying here idle for almost a week, waiting for the custom house officials to wake-up. The custom-house has more officials than the custom-house at Boston, yet it takes a small schooner two or three days to discharge its passenger baggage. One persons baggage is landed and thoroughly searched before the next can be landed. There is a heavy duty on almost everything and each trunk, bag or box has to be opened and its contents spread out on a counter, then each article is examined and taxed, and each article must be paid for as it is packed back into the trunk. The duty on many things is three or four times its original cost in America and I saw one poor fellow, soaked twelve dollars duty on a three dollar dinner set. The baggage goes in the front door of the custom-house and out the back door into the yard where it is placed on the heads of porters who carry it to its destination perhaps ten or twelve miles away. There are women descending and ascending the mountain all day long, with great

loads of merchandise and vegetables on their head. It is, to me, a heart-rending sight to see the numbers of women slowly making her way zig-zag up the almost perpendicular paths with loads on their heads that could not be carried by a strong man. It would be a disgrace for a man to carry, even a small bundle, up the mountain.

After we had eaten our dinner, we procured jackasses and ascended to the upper town, acomming down again about nine o'clock in the light of the moon. About every house on the road is a grog-shop and we being Americans, a great lioa in this country; we were offer fire-water at about every place. The people of the place are very generous and are constantly sending fruit and presents, to the "moço Americano"

At Potrozan there is an old billiard table and Capt. Morse, my father and myself had a game. The score was as follows after nearly an hour and a half. N.P. 25- N.H.S. 24 Capt Morse 22. The rubber-balls on the table were like pieces of wood and the cues were about an inch thick at each end

Wednesday Dec. 13

Didn't do much of anything to-day, except loaf around and dose. I went ashore after dinner and engaged donkeys for a trip to-morrow.

Thursday Dec. 14

We left Fourna on jacks about 6.30 A.M. and ascended the mountains to Poloson. After taking a few snap-shots we rode on to the house of Senor Gonzales, on the outside of the town, where we had breakfast cooked and served in native style. After breakfast we again took the road, accompanied by Senor Gonzales, and head for the wildest and prettiest part of the island. We left the main road and travelled along a donkey path up and down the sides of the mountains stopping often to look at strange sights. After travelling for a considerable length of time we ~~made our way~~ arrived at the summit of a high mountain that rose almost straight up from the sea. Spread before us on one side was the sea, on the other side an immense fertile valley with miles and miles of sugar-cane inter-mingled with tall leaning tropical fruits and flowers. We made our way

slowly down the side of the mountain to the village of Iseneplan Gray which is situated at the mouth of the valley, on the seashore. We made our way slowly only the rocky expanse of water-front to one of the sugar-mills, where orgident and syrup is made from the sugar-cane The juice is squeezed out by running between metal rollers, like those of a clothes-wringer, and drips down into a tub. These cylinders are turned by oxen on the end of a long pole and they go round and round all day long. After the juice fills the tub it is pomed into an iron caldron and a hot fire is built of dry sugar-cane, beneath it. It is heat almost to the boiling point and after the foam and impurity are skimmed from the surface, it is put into a barrel together with an equall measure of juice fresh from the press. This is allowed to ferment from nineteen to twenty-one days and is then placed into a distilling apparatus consisting of a closed tank and the coil of pipe called the worm. The liquid that flows through the worm and comes out at the end is the native

liquor called 'rigident' or grog. If syrup is to be made the juice is taken fresh from the juicers and boiled in the first caldron until it becomes syrup. A cane-farmer brings his cane to the mill and pays the ~~the~~ mill-owner for milling it, one measure in seven of grog and one measure in six of syrup. After leaving the mill we rode for several miles along the bed of a very rocky stream which runs swiftly between two almost perpendicular cliffs. After a few tumbles and 'duckings' we reach dry-land at the head of the stream. At the spring, where the stream starts, the water flows over two levels tables of rock; the wash-tub of the island. Hundreds of women come there daily to wash their clothes. The clothes are cleaned by just wetting them in the water, then pounding them on the rocks, no soap is used but I saw a tub of lime-water nearby, probably for the last clothes. We visited a farmhouse near here and were asked if we had ever drank fresh goat milk and as soon as the farmer was told that we had not, he led a goat up to the door and filled a pail for each of us. At first I was a little backward about drinking, but I saw the others downing theirs and I tasted of

of a little and found it to be excellent. It was a sweet and nice as the best of cream and you can be sure that I left very little in the bowl. This place is called Lavadora and within a quarter of a mile are two springs which is the entire water supply of the island, except the mineral spring at Vinagry. These springs it is claim by European experts are connected with one near the summit of Fogo twelve miles away. The water is led by a stone aqueduct along the face of the cliff and is let off into the steps of sugar-cane that are found on the hill-sides. During our journey we picked figs, oranges, and strange tasting tropical fruits from their native trees. We climbed up and down the mountain sides back to Povoson and after we had dinner I rode down to the ship and left my father up there as he had business early the next morning. When I came down I found a Portuguese Revenue cutter at anchor and we received by her a letter from F. L. Parke containing a photograph of the Swallow after the tug left her.

Saturday Dec. 16.

Staid on board all day yesterday

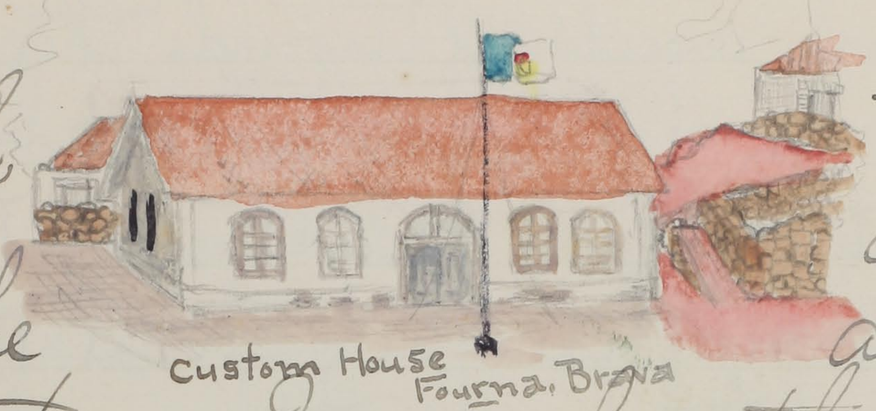
and to-day eating oranges and sugar-cane and looking at the scenes on shore and along the mountain roads, through the glasses. I sat on the bow a little while, shooting at sea-gulls, but failed to hit anything. The moon is full to-night and from the time it rose until it set ~~and~~ it was as light as day.

Sunday Dec. 17

We went up to town this morning and hearing the church-bells ringing we decided to attend. The church is an ancient affair, built of huge blocks of stone plastered and white-washed inside and out. The religion is Roman Catholic and at the back end of the church is the huge stone altar with its images and candles. Over the altar is a huge painting of a Madonna on boards and on each side of the Church are paintings of Saints John and Anthony on rough pine boards. The only seats are rough pine settees without backs, most of the people stand or kneel around the sides. We staid here about a half an hour and after we came out we mounted our donkies and started down. On the way down my father and I had a race, I beng the winner by about two miles. I hated around all the rest of the day on board.

Monday Dec. 18

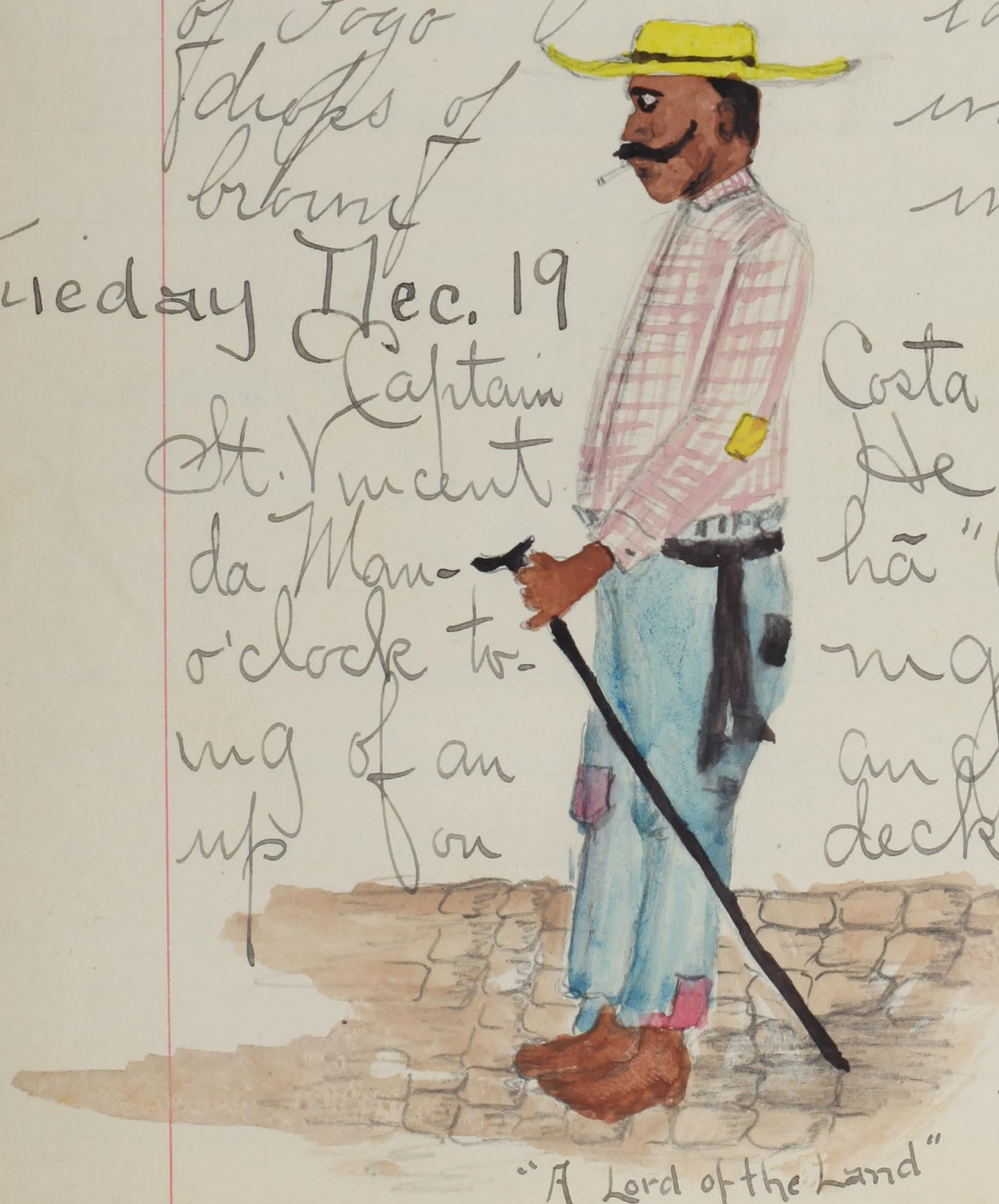
Loafed around on board all day. This afternoon an old English yatch, the Sultana, dropped anchor in the harbor. The sea is very clear today. I saw her this morning when she sailed into Fogo harbor nine miles away and I saw her, on her trip from Fogo here from the time she came out of Fogo harbor until she dropped her anchor with a few feet of me. The houses in the village and on the mountains of Fogo looked like little white paint on a wall.



Custom House Fourna, Brava

Tuesday Dec. 19

Captain St. Vincent da Mano-el Costa left us to-day bound for Porto Grande. He sailed on the "Estrella da Manhã" (the Morning Star). About ten o'clock to-night I heard the rattling of an anchor-chain, and on going up on deck I saw the dim outlines of a schooner entering the harbor. The Captain had sailed her over



"A Lord of the Land"

the dangerous reefs and ledges at the mouth of the harbor and had thought no more of it than I would of riding a bicycle on a macadamized road. About all the native captains are the same, they never stay in harbor on account of a storm and when out in only a sail never take vessel is until the

The Cape Verde ("Mountain Limited") carrying.

Wednesday Dec. 20

About eleven o'clock a little schooner of various rig came into the harbor. These little schooners (see illustration) skip about from port to port and to the neighboring islands in all kinds of weather. As a rule they carry passengers. and produce but the majority of them are employed as smugglers and their ships. many of them. The Custom House Locals general give them all the help they can without being found out, because they are poor, like the rest of the people and Portugal runs about everything with

Expongus duties. Everything on board lies
keep put in ship-shape as we expect
to sail early to-morrow morning.

Thursday Dec. 21

At six o'clock this morning we
started to get out of Fonna harbor, but
the pilots did not show up until nine
o'clock but did not get to work until
about ten and at twelve o'clock were
out of the harbor. Very quick work for
this country, although it isn't over a
hundred yards from the mouth of the
harbor to the anchorage. We stuck a
good breeze and in a few hours Bara
was out of sight. We have a new
cabin boy on board that has never been
on the water before. For the first hour
he was running back and forth, first
peering over the bow watching the bow
cut through waves, and then over the
stern watching the rudder churn
whirlpools. As the motion of boat be-
gan to get its work he began to quiet
down and was soon feeding the fishes
He will make a good sailor though, for
he is up and around to-night.

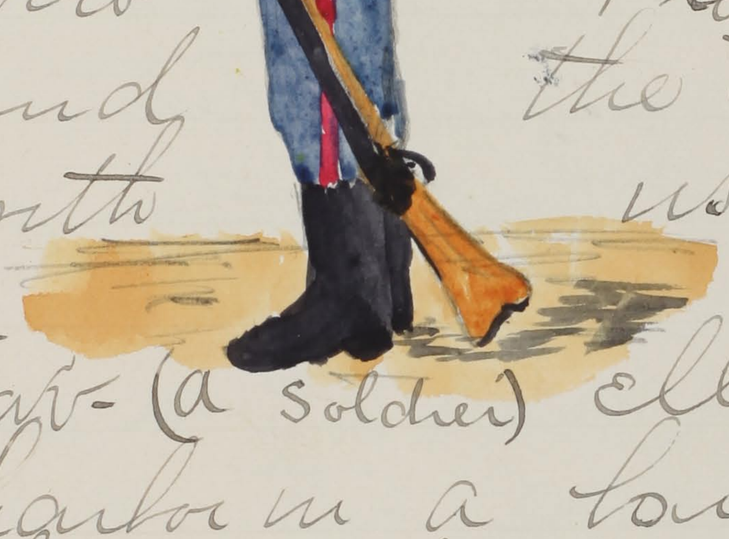
Friday Dec. 22

We sighted St. Jago about one

o' clock. The mnds is dead ahead and we are making slow progress. The lights of Porto Praia and San Francisco light were visible this evening. The Freeman left Brava with us and sighted her this afternoon astern of us.

Saturday Dec. 23

We entered the harbr of Praia about one o'clock the Freeman entered us. The "Freeman" and "Smallar" seem to be ellng companions. The Porto and with harbor in a bouge bay three miles acros the mouth. There are several crafts at anchor, among these lying a large Norwegian bark loaded with coal and a large ocean steamer that went ashore on the Island of Maio with a bad of cattle coal and with a grain. Hundreds of bags of Spoiled grain. Hundreds of bags of Spoiled grain was dumped into the sea and the coal


(a Soldier)

(Military Police)

Cattle are almost given away
She is accompanied by two
wrecks belonging
to the great European
wrecking Company
the "Neptune"
At three o'clock we
went ashore to
take a stroll.
We landed at
the government
wharf and stumbled
along over broken rails and loose mer-
chantise to the Custom House at the head
of the wharf. The Custom House is a large
pink colored stone building and is a regular
palace inside, its rooms are very large and the ceilings are high, making the interior cool and pleasant. The
town of Porto Praia is on the edge
of a perpendicular bluff over looking
the bay. To reach the town one has
to climb a flight of about thirty stone
steps and then a steep road about a

Custom House Porto Praia.

hundred yards long. At the top of this incline is a large plaza, in the form of a hollow square surrounded by the government buildings. On the east side is the Governor's palace and the "Casa do Correio" (Post-office), on the north side is the government treasury called the "Banco Ultramario" and on the west is a long building which is a sort of capitol, the offices of the high government officials being there. At the south end of this is the headquarters of the civil and the military police. The south side of the square is walled in, and from there is an excellent view of the plaza and the Corcovado, grows along the shore. About a hundred yards further on, is another great plaza and on this is the town-hall, containing many government offices. On the east side of this plaza is a large cathedral, flanked by the Observatory. Back of this cathedral is still another plaza, about 400 yards square. The east side of this runs along the edge of a perpendicular cliff rising about 300 feet straight from the sea. There

are about twenty feet thirty old
fashion cannon mounted behind
the wall, that look very formidable
from the sea but the formidable
aspect disappears when you get
a look at them. On the east side of the
plaza is the barracks, there being about
five companies of soldiers stationed here,
more for ornament than use. This place
although it does not cover as much
ground as the town of Aguadeen, has
besides a large force of both military
and civil police, a military guard.
In the centre of the town is a large
courtyard enclosed by an iron fence
and it is here that all the business
of the town are fought and sold.
The busiest time is about six o'clock
when there are about two hundred
farmers and their families assembled
around the stalls and in the centre
of the court. The market reminded
me of an old country fair, all the
people were yelling, screeching, jabbering
and in fact it seemed that each one
was trying to make the most noise
There were gummy-tag suits and
rag-tail suits of all kinds and

descriptions. I noticed several people wore heavy winter-coats and me rusting in a light summer-suit. The French measurements are used such as the meter, the kilo etc. The liquids are sold for so much per cup or bottle and the grains and vegetables are placed in little heaps and are sold at so much per heap. The sugar is sold in lumps and powder and sold three in a bunch. The meats and fish are cut up into squares junks and are sold by the junk.

Good chickens cost about $1.00 per doz.

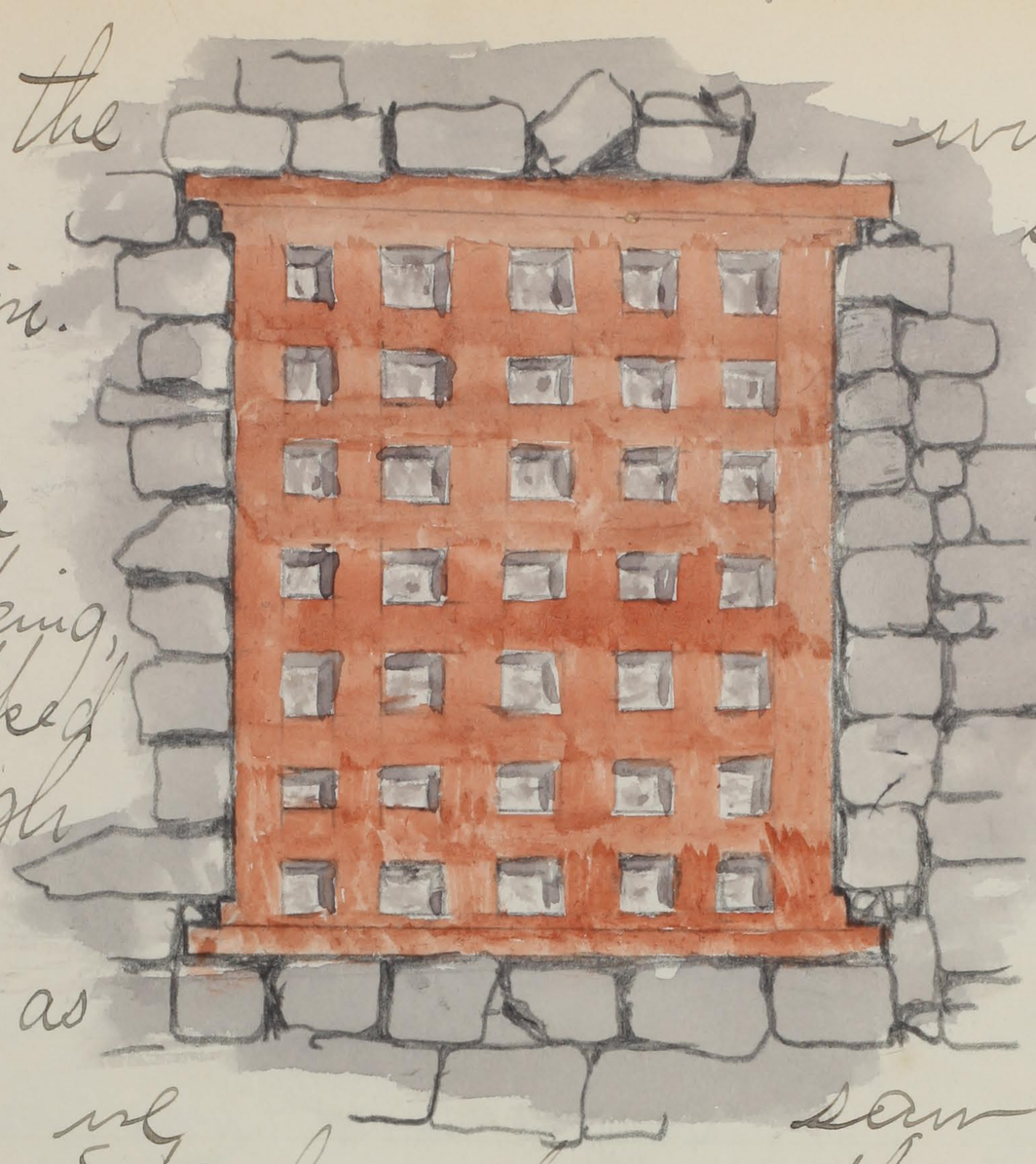
Eggs .08 " "

Bananas a large bunch .50

Orange .16 per 100

Tips the prices run, there being some things that are dear, especially the imports. The native traders keep from the other side of the island with little bundles of wood and charcoal on their heads and then after it is sold they go home again.

From the market place we walked down a lane to-ward the outskirts. On the way we passed some heavily laden wains which we found



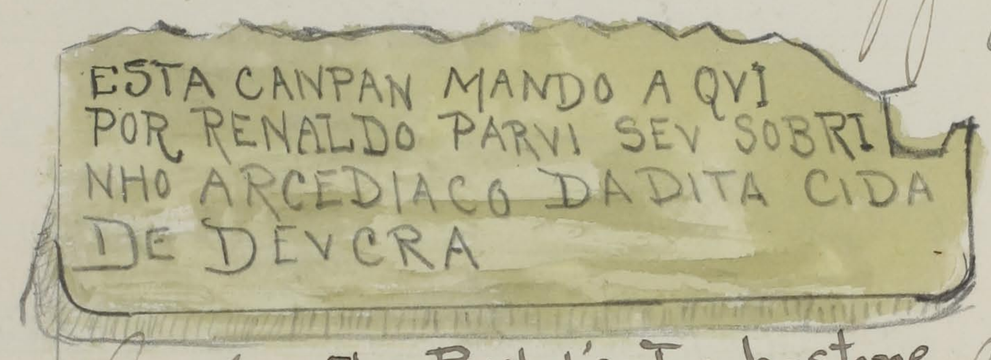
were the windows of a prison. As we passed the prisoners set the up a wailing and screaming, and we slipped a few cents through the bars to them, as soon as we left them, we came out of a door on the opposite side of the lane and with them a boy carrying a large demijohn. We sop them pour out glasses of the contents and slide it through the bars in exchange for an empty. It is said that this man makes his living by selling food and drink to the prisoners. The bars on the window are great hardwood posts, with a space of about four inches between them. In one of the cells were two boys who seemed to be having a jolly time dancing and hooting. We passed down the lane to the edge of the town from which a fine view was obtained of the fertile plains below. Spread

out below us were immense groves and
plantations, shady roads wound in
and out among the trees and here
and there red tile roofs were seen. The
mayella a plant grow extensively here
and its patches of dark olive green, a-
mong the almost yellow leaves and
the red blooms of the native trees make
a ~~fine~~ pleasing picture of color. The stores of the
retailers are very small, about ten x
to the foot and every merchant sells
liquid refreshments. There are no stores,
such as dry-goods stores or grocery stores but
Each merchant buys anything he
thinks he can sell and the majority
of his stock is smuggled American goods.

Sunday Dec. 24. 1899

This morning after breakfast we
had a whaleboat fitted out with
sails and started north along the shore.
We sailed past pretty little settle-
ments and the ruins of old forts,
past high cliffs of lava formed by
some very ancient eruption. Now
and then we got a peep at some fer-
tile interior valley or hillside, between
the mountains, we saw hundreds of
goats feeding on the hillsides and

on the very faces of the cliffs. After a-
bout an hour's sail we landed at
a little town, built among numerous
ruins of churches and monasteries, at
the mouth of a very fertile valley
On a high bluff overlooking the sea was
the ruins of a large church and mon-
astery. We scaled the cliff and wandered
about among the ruins, ex-
amining the dark
nooks and corners and
now and then taking
snap shots of the ruins
parts. In the body of the church I uncovered
a stone bearing the above inscription and was
told that a bishop had been buried there.
Until within two years this tomb was
empty and people were allowed to enter
and examine it but the natives filled
it up with gravel and dirt. The gray
walls of the church are in a perfect
state of preservation and in one of the
transepts the tiles are all on the walls.
The tiles used are hand painted with
blue tints and while the rest of the
party lured the guides to another part
of the church, I detached a tile and
slipped it under my coat. We then



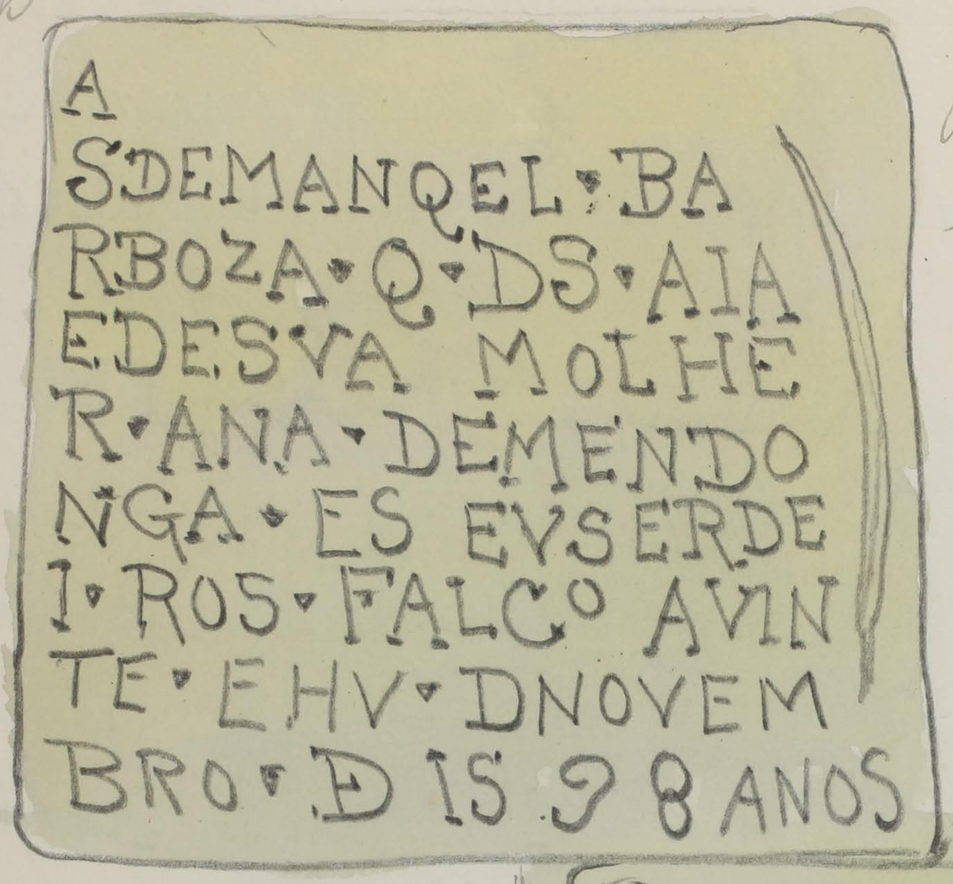
The Bishop's Tomb-stone
Inscription.

descended to the village which is famous for once being the residence of Jesuites, the supporters of the rich churches and monasteries, now almost entirely disappeared. The village is called "Cidade Grande Ruberia" (The large town in the ruins), it is so called because it is situated in the mouth of a valley which in the rainy season is a torrent. The houses of the village are built of stones from the ruins and rocks almost. They are in a regular order along the Ou a plateau the village. The Church

A slab in the church.

This church also is far advanced on the road to ruin, the gallery and woodwork have rotted away and the roof affords fine ventilation.

There are many ancient tombs lenegth its



floor and the newest stones which can be deciphered is 1798, the oldest is probably more antique but the floor is caked with dut and they cannot attain still of the numerous and fine scattered we were we had city of Spanish [illegible] procession although chanting mourn-

he read She has many rich orna-ments of former their being Gold vessels Statues about. While ing the church the opportun-seeing a service. We heard the as it came the village a sorrowful tune

First came several

men clad in scarlet robes and
bearing candles, next on a stretcher
carried by four red-gated men, was
the corpse, that of a little child not
more than a year old. It was
dressed in gaudy colors, with
many bright colored ribbons hang-
ing from its belt. Directly behind
was the priest surrounded by more
red-coats, being the deceased, and his
boys. Following in behind them were
the men and boys and then
the women and girls, all bare-
footed. They filed into the church
and made a circle around the
corpse, the priest read a prayer
and after which followed a long
chant which sounded almost like
dance music. After the chant
the procession wended out into
the yard where the corpse was
lowered into the grave. As
soon as the first bit of earth
was thrown on the women set
up a sort of mournful wail
which is their way of showing
grief. We left this scene and
wandered up the "rutera" (unfinished)

which is a mass of foliage and fruit. The orange trees are perfectly loaded with fruit and the cocoa nut trees are almost to large. double with the weight of their fruit. We sat down in the shade and had a lunch of nice fresh cocoanut milk, large sweet juicy oranges and bananas. The oranges of this island (St. Jago) are said to be the best in the world, and I guess it is with out doubt, the truth, they are very large and sweet, and exceedingly juicy. I can readily imagine, me on the date of this writing, sitting down before a big pile of them. Do a inviting lunch for dear life. The cocoanuts are also Elegant; not the hard brown cocoanuts we get at home but full of juice, and soft and creamy. We left here on our return trip about four o'clock with a boat load of cocoanuts and oranges. and if you can hear me again on board the "Swallow" It is the night before Christmas yet I cannot

make myself believe it, it is so quiet.

Christmas Monday Dec. 25. 1899
Porto Praia. St. Jago Cape Verde Is.
3000 miles from home

Rejoice - our Saviour, he was born
On Christmas day, in the morning.

The day feels very much unlike Christmas for even at six o'clock this morning the thermometer registered eighty, and the day was hotter than our hottest days. I wonder how many hapless hearts there are to-day, in our home across the sea — I wish I was with them, for Christmas, is not Christmas when one is away from home and I realize it. I spent a short early this morning and at the top of the stairs that lead up to the town ~~are~~ were several beggars that greeted every passerby with "Dando um esmola pur amore

de Deus" which translated
means "Give us alms for the the
love of God. They had a soft, pitiful
way of saying it that, one could
not help giving them something
At the top of the incline that leads
up to the town I stopped to watched
some of the natives as they offered up
their Christmas prayers. There were
old men and women, children and
grown persons, all lined up with their
eyes steadfastly fixed on the golden
cross at the top of the steeple of the
church across the plaza. There they
stood pattering away, their lips moving
like steam-engines, and their hands
clasped in front of them. There was
nothing going on but even a church
service, one spent the days making
calls and wandering around the town.
The houses of the wealthy are built in
the form of a hollow square with a
garden in the centre. On the outside
it is a very plain stone building, the
windows of the first story are small
and are high up, while the windows
of the second story are very long
and open on to small balconies.

On the inside, opening into the court, the first story has no window but in their place have numerous large doors Around the second story is a piazza onto which doors open from every room. We spent the evening at the Hotel Club which is a sort of lounging place for the large merchants and government officials. As the clock in the tower of the town-hall struck nine, I heard a great blowing of bugles, which, I was told, was the "Canza." (meaning "cease") a sort of curfew, at which all the stores are closed. A band of about a dozen buglers march around the large plaza in the centre of the town and blow this curfew every night. Soon after "canza" we strolled down the dark deserted streets (the street lights being extinguished at "canza") to the wharf and were soon on board

Tuesday Dec. 26.

It was so hot to-day that I staid on board all day. An old Spaniard came alongside to sell us some fish and when he learned that it was an American boat, he scrambled into his boat and rowed away as if

the entire United States army was after him

Wednesday Dec. 27

We went ashore and spent the evening with some English people at the Hotel Club. Had a very nice time playing "Nafe".

Thursday Dec. 28

We strolled around a little while on shore this evening and during our stroll we had a refreshment which the vender said, was soda water. It tasted something like Blood Bitters – a very nice drink, to one who is used to it, no doubt whatever.

Friday Dec. 29

I spent the day, strolling along shady roads and watching the strange looking people doing strange looking tasks. We cleared from the custom house together with the "Freeman" we will probably sail to-morrow

Saturday Dec. 30

We pulled up anchor about twelve o'clock and after almost running down a big ocean liner we sailed out of the harbor bound for the coast of Afrika.

Sunday Dec. 31. 1899

Very huffly to-day with a gennuine cold, sharp, Nor Eastland, winter gale whistling though the rigging. We passed the Island off Boa Vista about five miles away.

Monday Jan. 1. 1900

The sun was very hot to-day and after the cold weather of the last two days it felt good to lay in the sun. Captain Morse caught two "skip-jacks" with white cloth for bait.

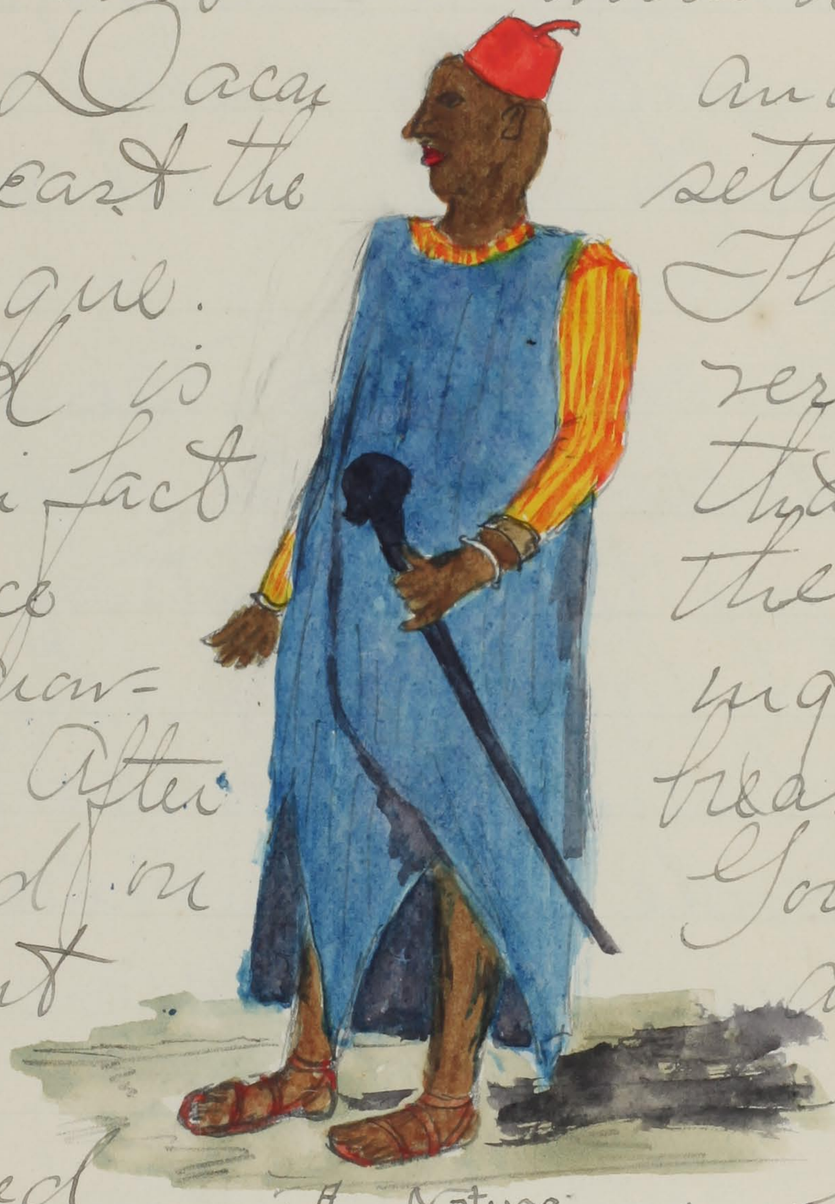
Tuesday Jan. 2.

Another cold day. The mud seems to go right through one, although it is blowing from the direction of the Soudan. We sighted land this afternoon but it was indistinct. Tonight the light on Cape Verde is very clear, reflections of large fires can be seen along the eastern sky. The water is very phosphorescent and every ripple leaves a spark on the water and the path of the ships can be traced back as far as the eye can see. Fish, swimming near the surface, remind me of spectres.

Wednesday Jan. 3

We are at anchor in Goree Bay.

If you will notice on the map of Africa, the French possesion Senegamba, you will see the island of Goree in the centre of Goree Bay. It a point about two hundred yards from this island, east, the good talk "Swallow" dropped her gorgeous mud-hook. On the coast about ten miles to the north of us is Dacay and about five miles east the settlement of Rufisque. The country around is very low, so low in fact that at some distance the trees seem to be growing out of the ocean. After breakfast we landed on Goree. The island is about as large as Pokes island, and is crowded with houses. At the north end of the island is a small old-fashioned fort and at the southern end are fortifications about as large as Fort Pheonix and are fitted out with all modern improvements. The island has a small garrison and as we neared crossing a



A Native

large square, in the centre of the island, we came upon some of the soldiers going through the setting-up drill of gymnastics. It looked like a sort of ballet and was all kinds of twisting and, turning and funny jumps and turns and contortions in which some of the men would stumble them- selves almost impossible to keep from laughing aloud. Many types of people are represented on the streets of Tamatave, Europeans, Americans, Arabs, Hindoos, natives and Malagasy. The majority of the people are native Malagasy negros and speak a sort of French dialect. The women dress in low neck and armless dresses belted at the waist. The hair, which is kept short, is braided into many fine braids and sometimes tied in a large knot on top of the head. The men wear coat

lose nyanties that hange down
upon the shoulders almost to
the feet. There are various kinds
of head-gear - Turkish caps,
turbans and a sort of
woolen dunce, caps seem to
be the ratine dress but
heads and cast off hats
seem to make up the majority.
We called on Mr. Tuckey, the
American Consul who has
been for sixteen
years to
years. and has got they
for Argenca for twenty
a years as we were sitting
the usual waiting
on staff I noticed
ratine down on the
jumping up and
down on his knees
and throwing his
head every few
minutes into the sand. I was
told he was saying his prayers, but
if I was left to judge, I would
have said he was having a fit.
He kept up this praying as long
as we sat there and I don't know

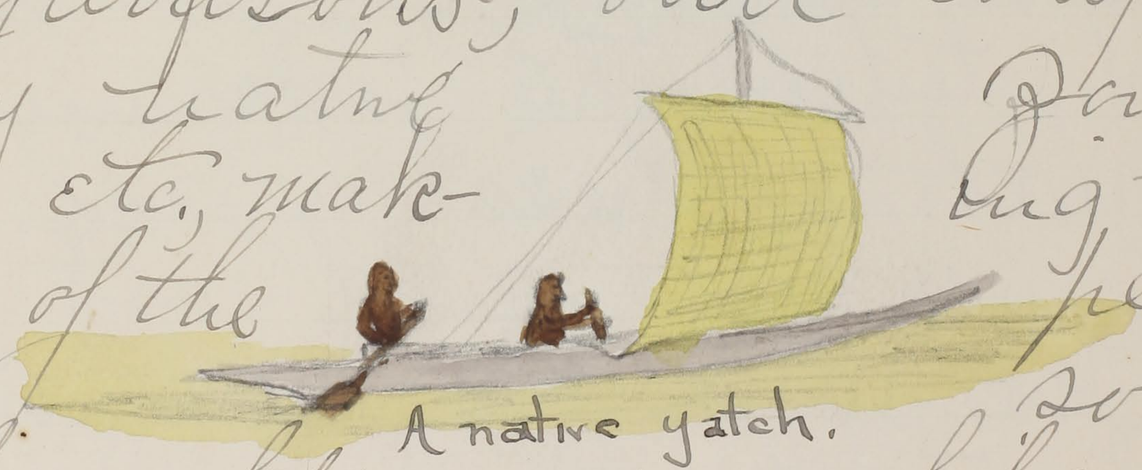
A Soldier in "le Grande Armee"

bow much longer, for I was very hungry and supper was waiting on board.

Thursday Jan. 4.

We sailed over to Dacar in our small boat, this morning. Dagar is the headquarters of the whole Senegal district, the principal possessions in Africa. The majority of the buildings are government houses, offices, barracks, armories. There is a whole regiment of French infantry, besides many small garrisons, odd companies of cavalry, batteries, marines etc, making the majority of the people in Dacar, Soldiers. The uniforms set like mealbags on a lean-pole, the trousers are very full and the coat is almost skin tight and very short. Many of the natives may be seen wearing pieces of cast off uniforms. We meet many native dudes strut

Sigas of Civilization



A native yatch.

ting around like peacocks. They are generally dressed in white robes and carry huge canes. The streets are narrow and shady, and are very clean, being kept so by the native sheet sweepers, assisted by numerous turkey buzzards or vultures. There is a large park in the town with flower gardens containing both European and African flowers and trees. The grounds along the paths a lot of good. You will find all the native work done around Lagos is done by native laborers that have graduated from the mechanical schools and carpenter shops supported by the government. The natives dress in all sorts of queer rigs and cast off garments. The native dress is a sort of girdle for the common man and the long flowing robes for the high muck-a-muck. The common women wear a short skirt to the knee, while the higher class and the women in the large towns wear long skirts, shawls and

sandals. Everyone wears numerous charms or "gili-gili" or charms to keep away the evil spirits. This "gili-gili" is a leather strap necklace, with a little leather bag attached, within the bag they carry some sort of charm

Friday Jan. 5

I did not leave the ~~land~~ ship to-day but watched the fishermen in their native dugouts go back and forth. The fish in these waters are unlike those caught in Buzzards Bay, they are nearly all brightly colored, the eels are mink with brown spots. The majority of people have an idea that as I used the climate is always hot, if a few of them could see me shivering with a reefer on, they would soon change their opinion.

Saturday Jan. 6.

We sailed over to Rufisque this morning in our whale-boat. Rufisque is about two-thirds as large as Dacar, its principal business is the export of ground-nuts or peanuts to Europe, where butter, oil, flour and cheese is made from them and is used extensively in Germany, France, Italy and Africa.

The town itself is composed of large two story, office buildings and ware houses. Through every one of the many streets, is a track over which cars are pushed by natives. All the goods are thus transported from place to place, a steady stream of cars go back and forth through the many street, transporting peanuts from the back of the town to the pier. Around the town are numerous small villages of the native straw houses with the thick thatched roofs. To-night we pulled up anchor by moon light, bound for Bathurst.

Sunday Jan. 7. 1900

We have been sailing near the coast in smooth water all day and to-night we are anchored in the mouth of the Gambia River near the African Knoll Buoy, about eight miles from Bathurst

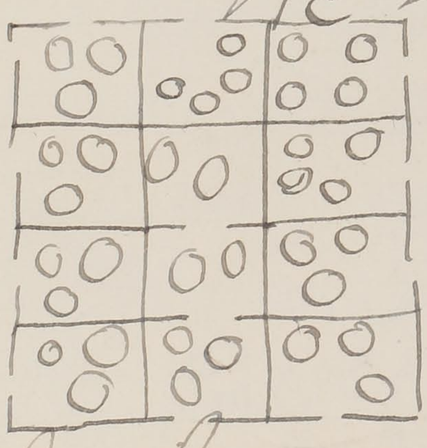
Monday Jan. 8.

We arrived at Bathurst about two o'clock. Bathurst is the capital of the entire district of Gambia, an English possession. The main street

runs along the water-front and all the large business houses face the harbor. Scattered along at intervals are large colleges, which are something like the large New England ones. Some of the buildings have the second story projecting out, & the side-walks and are supported by numerous arches. The shapes of the places look much cleaner than any Africans I have seen before. They speak the Jobo language, but many of them can talk English. The merchants are Englishmen and French-men, and always dress in white duck or linens, and wear white, wide sun helmets. This place is like Ruyigue & puts many treasures which they pay for in goods.

Tuesday Jan 7.9

We visited one of the native villages to-day. The town is laid out in squares, each square is divided up into yards which are surrounded by fences of planted bamboo. In each one



In these yards is a seperate family the houses are built of split bamboo planted and have straw roofs. The area- nuts trees gums here is in great numbers and its purduces are extensively used. The people get mine, food and shelter from this one

A house

tree. Immense flocks of pullures hover over the town, which are very useful in keeping the town clean.

Wednesday Jan. 10

We pulled further up the steam to-day. and to-morrow will tie up to a wharf in discharging.

Thursday Jan. 11

We pulled up to a wharf this morning and discharge some of our goods. This evening we went out to a native village and witnessed one of their dances. The musicians played the long native drums The wolkes-on-sang a sort of chant first one side of the circle would sing and then the other.

One peyzayed, danced, at a time and it looked to me as if the principal of the dance was to see who could look the funniest and could go through fastest and funniest motions. At funk o'clock we left and as we were coming away we saw the police stopping the fun. This is a sign of civilization which they dislike very much.

Friday Jan. 12

Discharged the remainder of our Bathurst goods to-day. This morning I had visit from a real live African king. He was an immense fellow about six foot six and weighed about half a ton. It was his first time on board a large vessel and he made me explain numerous things to him through an interpreter. He seemed much pleased with the oak-finish in the cabin, & spent a long time gazing at it and rubbing his hand over it. I invited him to breakfast but he would not come for he was fasting and he said cranks would take him if he ate. I afterwards learned that his people had a fast this time of year and only ate between sunset and sunrise. So-

night I went for a bycycle ride and almost fifty natives chased along behind me. I aptonished them very much by a few simple tricks on the wheel. There was another dance to-night and I stopped a little while to watch their grotesque antics. About nine o'clock I took a short stroll of the main street, in the road, on the side walk and in numerous corners I found many people asleep, I had to walk slow and pick my way, least I should step on a copperbody. Numerous rats and owls fly about, and toads and lizards creep along in great numbers among the shadows.

Saturday Jan. 13. 1900

At noon we pulled up anchor and to-night we are anchored in the mouth of the Gambia river close to the north shore and about six miles from Batthurst. About sunset I heard a loud noise like the lowering of a large sail and hurried on deck expecting to see a vessel close by, but found that the noise was made by a shoal of small fish fleeing

from sharks. The river is full of sharks and porpoises which can be seen in great numbers gambolling along the surface. To-morrow we expect to make a start for St. Vincent which, with fair wind and good luck we will make in three days.

Sunday Jan. 14.

We set sail from our anchorage about seven o'clock this morning. As we were coming out of the river, we passed a large German steamer, and a three-masted Portuguese schooner, going in. The wind being fair and strong soon blew us out of sight of Africa. We caught a large Spanish mackerel on the line that we had trailing astern.

Monday Jan. 15.

Very windy and cold to-day, the vessel is bobbing around like an African dodger.

Tuesday Jan. 16

Another cold windy day with very heavy side seas. All the loose articles are skating around, having a fine time and every body on board is feeling un-balanced. We had

two pigs put on board while in Porto Prava and up to to-day they have enjoyed themselves immensely but the rough seas are a little too fly for them and when the vessel gives a sudden lurch poor little piggies go sliding along on their side.

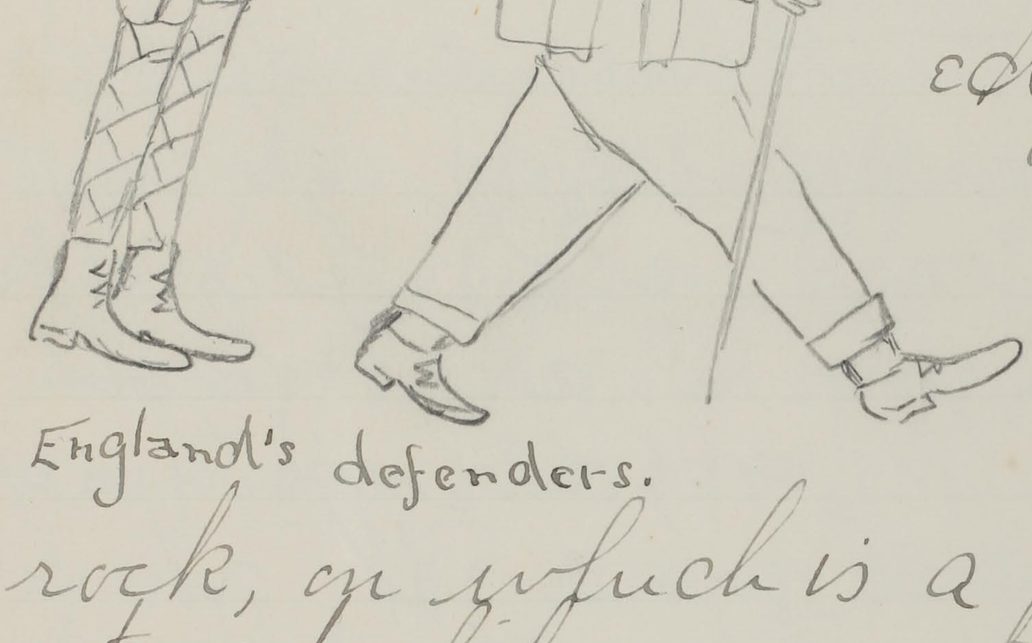
Wednesday Jan. 17. 1900

At 10.45 this morning we sighted the Isle of Sal. (Salt) and as we were passing land a large sperm whale spouted off our starboard bow. After spouting several times, he turned bottom up and dove down out of sight, that was the last we saw of Mr. Whale. We sailed into the harbor of the island but did not anchor. Capt. Hosse communicated with some of his friends and then we sailed away on our course. We expect to anchor in St. Vincent to-morrow.

Thursday Jan. 18

We are again at anchor and in the harbor of St. Vincent. Last night about mid night we passed the island of St Nicholas, the lights on shore being visible for a very short

time. At ten o'clock this morning we sighted the Isle of St. Hilt Antone and in a few minutes St. Vincent loomed up out of a bank of fog off our port bow. A large ocean steamer passed us, headed toward Africa. We sailed along the north side of St. Vincent, by "Pelpu" a huge



England's defenders.

rock, on which is a lighthouse, that stands like a sentinel at the harbor mouth and puts the harbor of St. Vincent. We dropped our anchor about a half a rifle from shore, among a fleet of dozens huge ocean steamers, of which the harbor is constantly full. Among the steamers in the harbor were an English man-o'-war, ~~the~~ H.M.S. Cambrian and the English transport No. 77. On the transport was about 1500 men. Small boats are constantly going back and forth from the shore to

the transport with boat loads of officers. Some of the officers are very young and I part several might I doubt if they had reached their Eighteenth year. The majority of the steamers are coal transports unloading and every day one or two go out and others come in. Gib is the principal English coaling port on this side of the ocean. And nearly all the steamers going up and down the Coast, stop here for coal. The harbor is filled half full of coal lighters, loaded with coal, already for coal up a steamer at a moments notice either by night or by day. We went ashore about noon. The landing places are all covered with coal dust and combined with the heavy sea that tosses a small boat around like an egg-shell, it is very disagreeable.

Friday Jan. 19. 1900

The principal business of the day. Another transport came in to-day. the old American liner the "Umbria". Steamers are constantly going in and out of the harbor and makes it

a very busy place. Steamers come and go at all times during the day and night. The coal lighters are constantly being towed back and forth and a large steamer coming in after dark can be coaled up and be on her way before day-light. We visited Madeira's African Curiosity shop and took over some of the goods. Since the beginning of the war in the Transvaal he has made thousands of dollars, on the goods sold on the transports and always sells for sky-high prices.

Saturday Jan. 20. 1900

We saw a game of cricket today between some army officers of the transports and some telegraph clerks. The game is not half as interesting as a good rough and tumble game of base ball or rugby; we left early.

* * * * * * * 3.45 A.M. We have just returned from a "Jandangarbena" or a native dance. The dance was held in a small room about ten by ten and at one time there were twelve couples on the floor. The music consisted of three mandolins and a violin, which

sounded fine. The dance lasted all night and at midnight a substancial lunch was served.

Sunday Jan. 21 1900

On shore nearly all day. At one o'clock I went to see a foot ball match but it was very tame compared with a good scrapping game of rugby This afternoon we had a visit, on board, from an English missionary, Rev. J.S.C. Eveleigh, who has been here for eighteen years. There was a band concert to-night on the plaza in front of the Casa Municipal. The band were all native musicians and played very nice. The wealthy people promenade up and down the plaza during the concert and the lower classes stand outside in the road. Although to-day was Sunday (Dominica) all the places of business were open and business went on as usual.

Monday Jan. 22.

Tuesday Jan. 23

I was up all night last

night, attending a sort of social and dance given by some Braya people who are on their way home from America. At the party I met an old American tar, who has lived among the islands for nineteen years. I was listening to his yarns almt all of the night.

× × × × × × × × × × × ×

We finished discharging to-day and will sail to-morrow if possible. A party of English marines were parading around on shore. They were a dippy looking gang with their duty duck uniforms and straw hats with cloth linings such as little boys wear. Two immense transports came in to-day, also an English Royal mail, a Cunard liner and a Portuguese gun-boat.

Wednesday Jan 24

Owing to extra orders we did not sail to-day. I went ashore for a stroll this evening and after coming aboard, received a visit from Lieut Darcy of the Cambrian H.M.S. He was a jolly fellow and entertained us with stories of his exploits on land and sea

Thursday Jan. 25

We are again on the move and this time we are one less. My father left the ship at St. Vincent, from there he will go by steamer to America. We are headed for Brava before we go to America. At Brava we will discharge the remainder of our cargo.

We took a tow-boat out of the harbor as ocean collers were anchored all around us. When we were going out of the harbor two transports went in.

I am a gain unlucky in missing my mail, as an American mail is due in St. Vincent to-morrow.

Owing to the bubonic plague in Portugal, the mail after going there from America goes back to Brazil and then across the ocean again to the Cape Verde's. We have received but two letters since leaving home

Friday Jan. 26. 1900

We are again at anchor in Tarrafa harbor, Isle of Brava. We here thirty-six days ago. To-night boats are drifting around in the harbor with glaring torches attracting numerous fish to the light. As soon as the

fish get thick around the boat they are scooped in by the net-ful. The fish are long and very slender, being roughly named "needle-fish".

Saturday Jan 27

I went up to Porosan to-day, to see my Brava friends. I came down the lovely mountain road about nine o'clock and did not see a single person. The night was black as the face of Spades, but I let my horse have a free rein and did not hesitate to ride off the brink of a precipice.

Sunday Jan. 28

I rode out to Porosan and Compe to-day. At Compe I attended a wedding feast. There is a wedding "celebration" going on all the time at Compe. The people flock from all over the island to attend the dance which always accompanies a wedding. The dancing lasts for forty-eight hours and along toward the end you find the majority of the dancers piled up in corners, fast asleep.

Tuesday Feb. 7

I am staying in Fouma and on

board all the time now and as it would become tiresome to write about the weather everyday I have skipped a few days Sunday and Monday I was up to Povas on having a fine time. I have learned just enough Portuguese to get along without an interpreter which of course is O.K. for both myself and my pocket-book. I came down last night about nine o'clock.

Wednesday Feb. 8

We finished discharging cargo to-day and as soon as we can take in ballast, will start for Brunswick Georgia.

Thursday Feb. 9

The Portuguese gunboat "Mandovi" came in to-day. We have seen this boat in every Portuguese port we have entered.

Tuesday Feb. 27. 1900

Again we are on the briny deep bound for Brunswick Georgia. We tried to get out yesterday, but owing to lack of wind it was impossible. While the "Mandovi" was in Braya I became acquainted with some of the officers and had a fine

time travelling over the island with them.
You may be surprised that I should be
travelling around with people unable to
speak English, you may wonder
how I talked with them. During the
short time I have been among the
Portuguese I have learned a good deal
of Portuguese and can talk to
any of them. The "Mandovi" left for
Lisbon via Porto Praia, February 18th
and I felt sorry when she left.

During my stay at Biara the
people of the island have given me a
nice time, and I will always remember
them. If there was a picnic, a wedding
a party for a frolic of any kind going
"Le Americano" was always a welcome
guest and several times the projectors
of a frolic have gone as far as to send
horses down to Fouma to carry to the
part of the island where the time was
held. When we left Biara this
morning I really felt sorry and
would, if I had the least chance,
stay another month, but I did not
and will again visit Biara the
first chance I get. As we sail out
of Fouma the little wharf was

crowded with my friends who waved their hats until we rounded a high point and they were shut from our sight. We sailed around to the north of the island and as we passed the mouth of the harbor at Isnendaga we could see the people on the shore and up at Paradoma waving sheets and handkerchiefs at us. Before dark, the wind being strong and fair, Bara sank from sight behind the eastern horizon and we were again on the sea with nothing in sight but sea and sky.

March. 9. 1900 Friday.

Since we left Bara the wind has blown steadily from the north-east as we have been sailing along at a great rate. At seven o'clock we sighted a steamer north of us but she was soon shut in by a fog bank. When the bank lifted she was about ten miles west of us headed south-west, which is the direction of the West Indies.

Sunday March. 11. 1900

Yesterday the wind began to get unsteady and kept "jumping all around

the compass". This morning it was blowing from the north but at noon shifted to the south and south-west. To-night about seven o'clock the wind suddenly shifted to the west and flew up a black cloud which lust over our head and for a short time it looked as if an ocean had broke loose over our heads. — Together with this the wind came up very strong and nearly all the sails had to be taken in. It did not take me long to realize that the last thing I ever will be is a sailor or a sea-faer.

Thursday March 16. 1900

We were amused all day to-day by the frolics of three small finbacks of the "Bottle-nose gampes" family. They sported in our wake and before you could say "Jack Robinson", they were under our bows. They would shoot like a skyrocket alongside and then turn belly up and dive down under the vessel and rising to surface on the other side would

gave one big grunt like a jug and then gave a leap like a streak of greased lightening. I amused myself by shooting at them with a rifle and although I hit them several times, they did not seem to mind it About sunset they disappeared. We are now about 800 miles from Brunswick and we hope to be there in five or six days. The wind now is directly "aft" and we are coering ground very rapidly. Monday we sighted a bark to the North but we only saw it for a few minutes. as darkness soon closed in and hid it from sight. Yesterday a large steamer passed us about five miles to the north we are now nearing the regular track of steamers and vessels in coasting use and West Indies trade and expect to see numbers of them every day.

Saturday Mar. 17. 1900 850 miles from Brunswick

We sight a large bark west of us this morning and as day break we made her out to be a Norwegian. When we were about a mile apart. the wind died

out and left us in a calm all day. (Sonear but yet so far) About sunset a fresh breeze sprung up (fair for us) and away we skipped leaving the fool Norwegian to fight with a head wind. As we drew away from her the moon rose directly behind, making a very pretty scene. The tark was silhetted on the moon and could be seen as plain as day for several hours.

Thursday Mar. 22 1900

We were 200 miles from Brunswick this noon but as the wind is very light we do not expect to sight land until late to-morrow night or Saturday morning, at any rate I hope to be there in time to get some baked beans. A day has not passed, but what we have seen a vessel of some sort. On the nineteenth we saw a large three-masted schooner with all three top-masts missing, probably carried away in a squall, for the weather has been very squally for the last few days. On the twentieth we saw some floating wreckage and as I looked at I wondered how many homes were made

sad, and how many more poor
sailors had been ushered into that
cold black depth were untold ages
have yet their doom. On the 21st
we passed a clipper little schooner
which looked to me like a yatch.
To-day about ten o'clock the man
at the wheel sung out "Sail-ho-o-o!"
and on following the direction of
his finger I saw the black smoke
of a steamer to the south. In an
hour she was abreast of us, a
large full-fledged ocean-liner
that cut through the rollers as if
they were mere ripples. She came
near enough for us to see the people
on her decks. Judging from her
course, she had come out of the
Gulf of Mexico and was head-
ing for England or Germany. We
are now in the Gulf Stream which
is a sure sign of nearness to the
coast. We caught a dolphin this
morn, and of course fresh fish tasted
good. The afternoon we saw a
porcupine fish, that is to say we
saw part of one, for he had his
fallen so full of wind that it
completely burst this body.

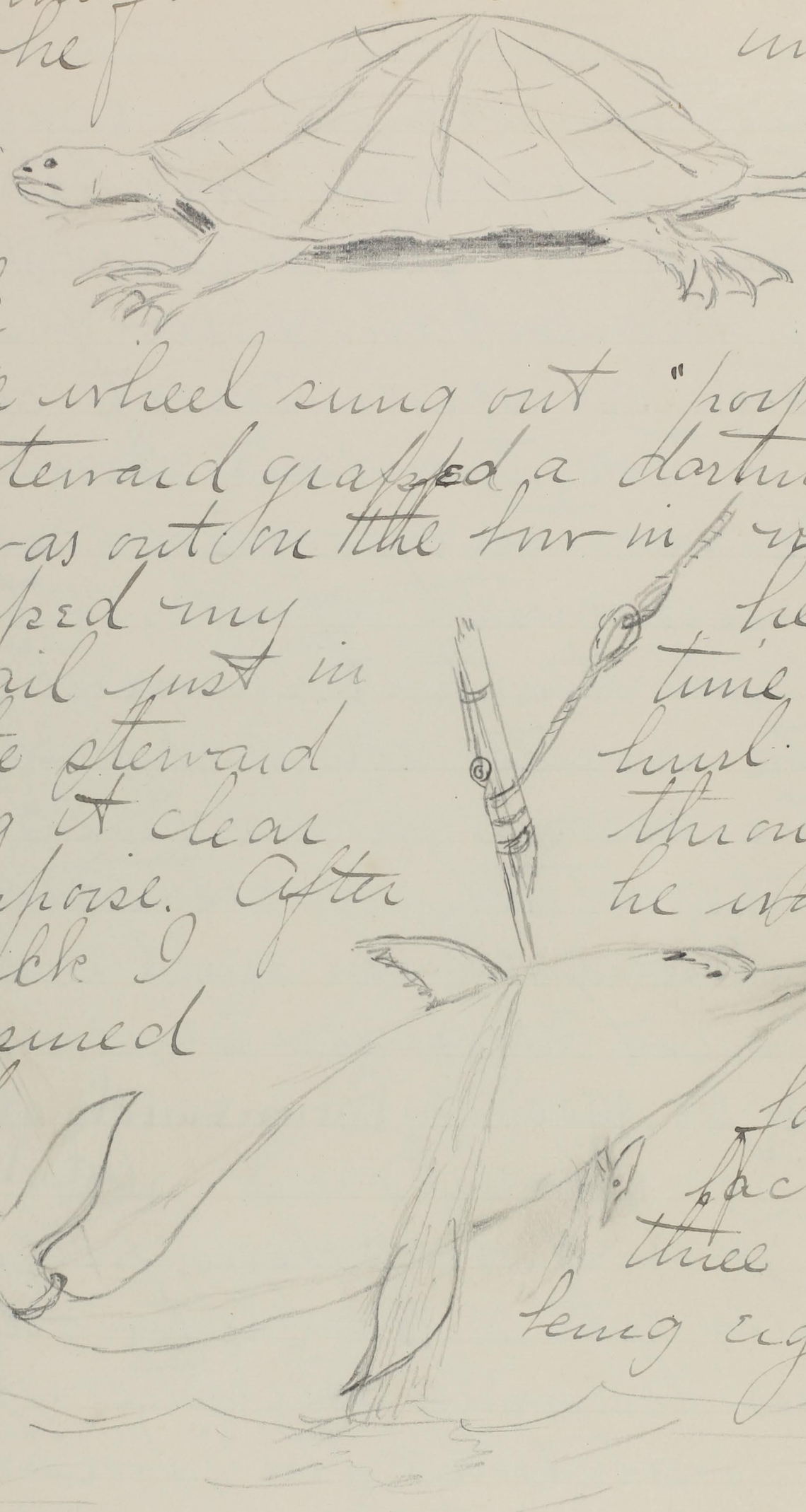
To-night as I was standing on the quarter deck with the fast officer, Mr. Sousa - a large whale (whale, probably frightened out of his nap by the approach of the ship) entertained a few minutes by his angry snorts and grunts.

For the last few nights I have noticed a very bright star bearing west of us. It is so bright in fact that it throughs a glimmer on the water exactly as the quarter of the moon would. Being ignorant of the study of Astronomy beyond The Bears, Orion and one or two planets I cannot name it.

Friday March. 23. 1900 Brunswick only 20 miles away (at 12 midnight)

To day has been full of regrettes and excitements. After breakfast while I was leaning over the quarter-deck rail watching the "Portugeze-men-o'-war" float by, I saw a large turtle about five foot long suddenly rise from the sea. He was ~~Cola~~ certainly a monster. He was of a greenish gray color and if half buried in the sand one would certainly mis-

take him for a rock. On seeing the vessel he immediatly sunk again. After about 4 o'clock at the wheel sung out "porpoise!". The steward grabbed a darting iron and was out on the bow in no time. I popped my head over the hail just in time to get see the steward hurl the iron driving it clear through a big porpoise. After he was landed on deck I measured him, found he and packed him backed him at three inches of long eight feet long.



To-night the loons are making the night hideous with their screeches which sound exactly like a woman in distress.

(Midnight) We have just taken

soundings which shows fourteen fathoms and by the log we are twenty miles from Brunswick. We are going to head out to sea until three o'clock and then swung around and head for land.

Saturday March. 24. 1900

I was awakened this morning by the cabin-boy about quarter of-six who was anxious for me to see the sun. On going on deck I saw two tug boats about a mile off, racing for us. The race was won by the Luca a large boat about twice as large as ours of New Bedford. After the captain had let him down to about half his original juice he made fast, but the hawser being weak parted and after giving him another hawser we proceeded. In a few minutes we sighted the pilot boat and as we passed by a pilot boarded us. He was a large pompous sort of a fellow and immediately tryed to make his dignity felt but when he began to tell us the rules and regulations of the place, it turned out that the captain new more about the requirements than he did, so he

shrunk into his shell and used us as equals. Soon after the pilot came aboard we sighted land and it was not long before we entered the Brunswick River. At the mouth of the river were several three and four mast schooners waiting for a fair wind to go out. At Quarantine we dropped anchor together with a large Russian Bark about twice our size. About ten o'clock the doctor came aboard and released us from quarantine but the Russian was towed on to the quarantine station as she probably came from an infected port. Vessels are constantly passing us, going in and out of the harbor. At two o'clock we lowered a boat and rowed up to Brunswick a distance of about two miles. The land for miles around is a swamp criss-crossed by creeks and rivers. Brunswick is mostly built up land; the entire water front is composed of wharves piled high with lumber. The railroad runs along the water side of the city, most all the engines used are the old-fashioned wood-burning style. The city of Brunswick contains about ten thousand people, the

majority being negroes. The streets are very dirty and muddy, the chief labors are convicts who are marched around in companies and wear shackle at the ankles. The majority of the stores are large with a small stock of goods and in fact everything has that "seen-better-days" look about it.

Monday March 26 1900

I did not go ashore yesterday as it rained all day. The steamer came in from Savannah, Ga. with a load of convicts to work on the streets. Every one was black, it be a disgrace for a white man to do what is called "nigger's work". Some of the convicts were boys not over twelve years old. A big five masted schooner came in today fresh from the ship-yard. She was a monster, being just built at Bath Me. The decks are manned with Spanish, Italian and Dutch sailors. The Spaniards are spotted snow-white, masts, spars and all and make a pretty picture, the Italians are stained a burnt Sienna and the Dutchmen are black. Along the shore are the remains of the old side-wheel

river boats, and they are certainly
queer looking customers. Taken as a whole
Brunswick is an ideal southern city. The
colored people live in shanties such as
you see in pictures of slave houses on
plantations. The colored people are looked
upon by the resident whites as a sort of
beast of burden, such as they were looked
upon in slavery days. The white men
are either mayors or colonels or some sort
of a retired army or navy officer, and in
the entire town if you can't find a
man who will admit that he was
a private. Along the water front, the
entire length of the city, facing the
railroad tracks are a long line of
two and three story brick buildings.
The third street up from the wharves, is
the main street. There are several depart-
ment stores beside a bank and the
town hall. The business portion of the
town may be rowded into a square
measuring two yards on a side.
Along the back of the town are
long rambling lines of negro shacks
or shake-ups which cost probably a-
bout twenty dollars to build. The
razor-back pig and the "yalla dog"

may be seen on about every yard and the old-fashioned mammy enjoying her old black pipe in the shade of a picket fence, is a common sight.

Sunday April 1. 1900

I went to a genuine colored Methodist Church to-night and certainly saw some queer sights. These ignorant blacks seem to believe that the more noise they make, the quicker the Lord will hear their prayers. At times I thought they had all gone crazy with their dancing, howling and singing and other times they would all be crouched down on the floor crying the beat the Dutch. The queer things that they said and the actions they went through made it almost impossible to keep from laughing out loud.

~~Tuesday April 3.~~ and of the day.

The rest being written after my arrival home.